

THE LITTLE BLIND GOD

ON RAILS

A ROMANCE

OF THE

GOLD NORTHWEST

BY JAS. DALY.



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A ROMAUNT

OF

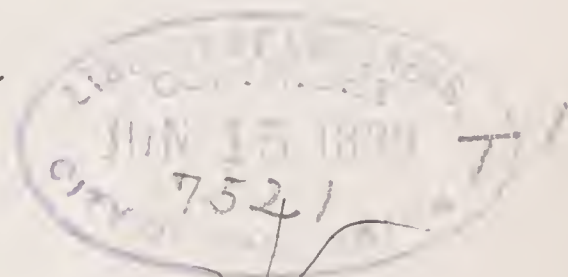
The · Gold · Northwest

By JAMES DALY.

Author of "For Love and Bears"

∴ Profusely Illustrated ∴

A True Experience.



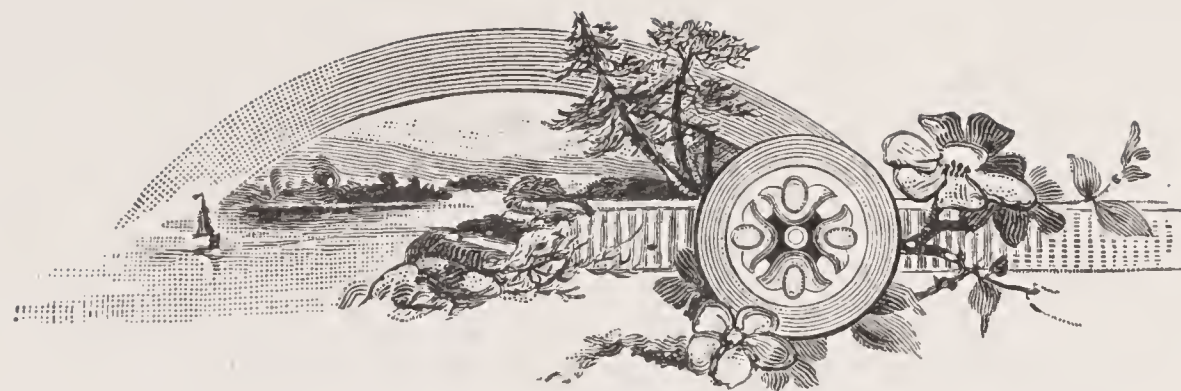
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“WHAT is this?” I asked of our artist, as he submitted a sketch. “The book is about the ‘The Little Blind God on Rails,’ not ‘The Little Blind God Ridden on a Rail.’”

“It won’t hurt him,” he drily answered; “and it’s the best way to put it.”

I replied: “I am not talking about the little blind gods of the novels. They are generally about as much like the little fellow as a rose made out of red paper is like a rose on the bush with a drop of dew at its heart. And that little fellow does have a hard time of it. They sit down on him, jam him, try to pull his wings out, break his arrows, and kill him—why not ride him on a rail? He turns up smiling and fresh as a daisy every time.”

“You talk a good sketch of him!” said the artist.

“Yes,” I said. “And, further, love does catch grief nearly always, and yet nearly always comes out ahead. Who does not remember—if it be past—the first flutter of his wings in the heart, the awakening to a new, dreamy, and delicious elevation of mind, the ruder awakening of jealousy or disappointment, the attempts to get him out of the heart and tramp him beneath the feet? One would say that the meanest way to treat the Little Blind God would be to ride him on a rail. And yet girls will do it when they dare to—make him the object of triumph and ridicule. He gets even when they die as old maids.”

But what is this all about?

In the latter part of May, some years ago, having a business engagement in St. Paul, of which I was notified only a few hours before train time, I hastily

closed my business for a few days' absence, rushed nervously home, packed a small valise, swallowed my supper like a cormorant, and then stopped and considered what it was I had forgotten to pack this time. "Shirts?" "Yes; a half-dozen of them." "Heavy underwear for a cold snap?" "Here it is." "Medicine?" "Yes; some genuine hand-made 'Cedar Run.'" And so I went over item by item, just as a fellow always does, and then always forgets what he wanted most.

I knew the train left the Chicago & North-Western passenger depot at such an hour, but no matter how often I consulted my watch I could not get over the idea of being in a hurry, and, as a result, I reached the depot just as the cars of the evening train for St. Paul, Minneapolis, and the North were being opened to receive the passengers. In my haste, I brushed roughly against an elderly gentleman, accompanied by an excuse for a dog; after suitable apology I seated myself in an elegantly appointed car on the limited train, and not until then did the feeling of having arrived in time take possession of me.

I had been seated probably ten minutes, when a near neighbor of mine and business friend came hurriedly into the car, and on perceiving me came to my section, and warmly shaking hands, said:

"Where are you going?"

"To St. Paul."

"So am I. Why did you not say something about it this morning when I met you?"

"I did not know I was——"

At this moment, Doctor S., another acquaintance of mine, came into the car, and I called him back to join us. When attempting to introduce him to Mr. C., both men exclaimed in the same breath—

"Not necessary." "Why," as C. said, "S. and I were boys together before you were born."

The conversation became rapid, and confined to short exclamations of surprise when it was learned that Dr. S. was also going to St. Paul. The oddity of this little gathering of friends was unusual, but it was even greater when, a few minutes later, a fourth gentleman, who was a business friend of all of us, came in. In neither case did any other member know that any other two were acquainted. No one member knew the other was going on this journey. Had there been only one railroad connection to the point named it would not have

been such an unusual occurrence. This circumstance led us to questioning each other how it happened that we all took the same line. One said it was his choice on account of the safety he felt in traveling over the North-Western; another, the shortness of the route commended itself to him; and another, the elegance in the appointments, etc., and other things—but this is not a railroad advertisement.

“A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.”

Instead of spending a lonesome evening, we took the opposite tack, and adjourned to the smoking-room, passed half the night in chit-chat of one kind or another, and relating railroad experiences. The gentlemen named were all great travelers—the kind of men whom you occasionally meet, who have been everywhere, seen everything, and have a fund of experience, and who, when occasion offers, can interest a person or a company for half an evening. Such accidental traveling parties on a great, far-reaching, and popular thoroughfare, like the North-Western, are not unusual occurrences, and usually result in new or renewed relations of friendship, business, and sometimes in more tender and important ones. By a double coincidence, some of the friends who met that night on the way to St. Paul formed a part of the accidental expedition the history of which forms the material of this book.

The members of it were Senator Hanna, who is well-known everywhere; Mr. Carlisle, who is a prominent manufacturer of musical instruments, and his name stares you in the face in every daily paper. Dr. Snowden is an editor. I don't know where he obtained his title, but tradition had it that in his younger days, when he was the “devil” of a printing establishment, he bandaged up the arm of a fellow employé that had been injured by a press, and there ever after he was called “Doctor.” He wears his title still, and likes it. Dr. Snowden was accompanied by his wife, a dear, kind old lady. Mrs. Snowden had under her special charge the daughter of a distant relative of hers, who came north to spend the summer, a Miss Madge Blount, of Tennessee. Mr. Charles Carlisle, a son of the musical instrument manufacturer, was with us. My wife and myself were also of the number. We had a charming party, a delightful time, a new experience in railroading, and when we came home we had something to tell.

Have you time to listen?

JAMES DALY.

CHICAGO, 1888.

CHAPTER I.

“Singing through the forests,
 Rattling over ridges,
 Shooting under arches,
 Rumbling over bridges,
 Whizzing through the mountains,
 Buzzing o’er the vale—
 Bless me! this is pleasant,
 Riding on a rail!”—SAXE.



SENATOR HANNA was one of those genial, companionable gentlemen of mature years whom one sometimes meets. Having once made his acquaintance, you were sure to regard him an exception among men, and an exceptional man among old men. He had no hobbies; and therefore was never wearisome. He had radical views, to be sure, but he never imposed on good nature by his dogmatism. When I first met him I should have placed his age at sixty-five. He was then in his second term in the United States Senate. At the close of his term he declined a re-election, saying to his friends, “Send an abler and younger man.” But

they declared more vehemently than ever that he was the man of all others. Their efforts were, however, in vain. Among his old friends in the Senate there was a general feeling of regret when it was learned that he would not return.

To his intimates he explained that he had done his duty—there was no mortgage on the office that he held that he knew of; that he was getting along in years and did not like the semi-yearly transfer of all his belongings from one end of the country to the other. The Senator was a man of considerable means—not what might be termed a rich man in this day of countless millionaires, but having enough to be able to draw from his income as he desired for his necessities, his pleasures, and his charitable gifts, without looking ahead and figuring out his balance, either Dr. or Cr., at the end of the year. A comfortable condition.

He was a lover of out-door sports, a good angler, and handy with a gun. I have heard that he also knew how to handle himself scientifically in a bout with the gloves; but that was probably in his younger days. He gave offense to no man; but I have seen the blue of his eyes turn to steel, with that cold, steady light, which in either brave man or brave woman means danger. The Senator was a living proof of the fact that a man with fairly good natural constitution, who is temperate in youth, finds the golden age of his life stretching out beyond the age of fifty. The hopes and fears, the jealousies and rivalries, which give a bitter tang to the pleasures of youth, are gone; the battle of life has been fought and won. He has the homage of youth, the respect of middle age, and the kindly sympathy of all. If, like the Senator, he has a liking for the rifle, the rod, the cue, and the oar—for the open air and manly sports—his charter for life is already written down for four score. I have said the Senator was well-to-do in finances—not rich. He might have been, like so many others, rich in money and poor in health and in years to come. But even when he was a young man, and when he was in middle age, his love of the rod, the rifle, and the oar, added to his lease of life what they took from his purse. He let the wine-glass alone in his youth—said he was saving it up until his blood grew thin—and now it cheered without harming him.

Mike, his coachman, was always ready to expatiate on his merits:

“Yis; the ould gintleman is wan av the bist men Oi iver driv fur. He is wan av thim gintlemen that yez kin lay yez lasht cint on, and cum out winnin’. Oi’ll nivir lave him. Don’t he say of a Christmas, ‘Moike, we’re gettin’ ould together; Oi dhrink yez health, and may yez luk as ruddy a year the day as yez do at the prisent.’ And whin Oi luk in the bottom av me glass Oi see a goold twinty glistenin’, and thin me eyes git wathery. God bliss him! Oi’ll nivir lave him.”

The Senator was very fastidious and exceedingly neat about his dress. In summer he appeared every morning in a suit of spotless white linen, and woe betide the laundress if Mike, as he laid out a freshly-ironed suit for the Senator, should discover any carelessness in the creases, or a touch of color from the iron. He wore a jaunty straw hat, also, and with his gray hair and beard neatly trimmed, he looked twenty years younger than he really was. Mike was exceedingly proud of the Senator’s appearance, and really believed that it was his close supervision of his master’s wardrobe that made him look as well as he did.

Mike regarded me as his next in kin to the Senator, and occasionally I would receive a note from him in a cramped hand, misspelled and nearly unreadable. I had noticed in the last letter that he was worried about the Senator's health. A few days later, I received a letter from the Senator, saying he was suffering from indigestion, sleeplessness, and kindred ailments, and that his physician had ordered him to travel. "But where shall I go?" he wrote. "It would be monotonous going alone. If you and your wife will go along, and allow me to plan the trip, I'll pay all expenses. It's hot enough for you to drop your work for a few days for a change and rest."

I did need the rest, and when I spoke about it that evening to my wife she said, "Yes, of course; if he is unwell I would not think of allowing him to go away alone, or with no one but old Mike with him."

I wired the Senator next morning of our decision, and before noon I received an answering telegram from him of some length, that, while I understood the nature of the telegram, I could not foresee its object. It read as follows:

ST. PAUL, August 20.

Mike and I leave on the one-thirty train for Chicago. Be at your house for breakfast. Hire to-day a special car of the Chicago & North-Western Railroad, with kitchen attachment, berths, piano, a cook, and provisions for two or three weeks for us all.

HANNA.

I re-read the telegram; it was written plainly, and my orders were concise. I left my office at once, secured a car, the "Davy Crocket," that answered every requisite. I rented an upright piano and had it moved in, and by the aid of an excellent cook I engaged, made out a list of good things that would make your mouth water now if I enumerated them. I had been so busily employed during the forenoon that I had forgotten to get any lunch, and I reached home in a half-famished condition, and so tired that my wife was alarmed at my bedraggled appearance. In answer to her inquiries, I handed her the telegram, and said the car would be ready to-morrow and waiting for us. That it could be occupied as a first-class family residence as long as we wanted it.

"But where are you going? Why did he not say in the telegram? I do not know what clothes to wear or what to take along—or—anything." And a look of perplexity came over her face, which I somewhat dispelled by saying, "Now, wife, wait until morning; the Senator will be here then, and you shall know all."

As we were about to sit down to breakfast the following morning, a carriage drove up and Mike stepped out with a valise or two, followed by the Senator.

When the Senator visits us, he invariably shakes hands with me and says, "I'm delighted to see you, James." Then, without a word to my wife takes her in his arms and kisses her—usually twice. To strangers this might seem an unusual occurrence, and it is. Most women resent, or at least shrink from, the caress of an old man, and old folks seem to know it. They understand that a good deal of personal affection is necessary to make them welcome in middle-aged or young society. And yet the pleasure which they evince



WAUKESHA, WISCONSIN.

when they are kindly and affectionately treated, shows that old hearts do not lose young sympathies—that they are hungry for the personal kindness of which they were so fully the recipients when their youth and manly beauty were upon them. The ministers say that dying is a very lonesome sort of business. The doctor and all the friends can go to the starting-point, but from there on the dying man or woman must go without any company. It is the intention of society, or at least of the women, that old men shall get used to it by a lonely old age. My wife is not that way. She likes old people, but if she didn't she would never let them suspect it. She says it is little enough we can do for them at best.

The Senator never calls her by her given name, Katherine, or even Mrs. Daly, but always "daughter." He comes to our house whenever he is in the city and

we regard him as the dear, kind old man that he is. He was not looking as well as usual, but said he was amazingly hungry. We sat down to a merry breakfast. My wife was exceedingly anxious to know of the trip, but refrained from asking the Senator, thinking he would explain the matter more fully. The only allusion he made to it was to ask me: "Did you fill that telegraphic order yesterday, James?" To my affirmative reply he looked at my wife with a little roguish twinkle in his eye, and said:

"Daughter, you are anxious to know where you are going, are you not? But I am not going to tell any of you."

"But what clothing shall I take? You must not take so cruel an advantage of a woman as to deprive her of dressing herself as occasion or society demands."

"You are right, daughter; I will tell you."

"Oh, I knew you would!" she exclaimed joyously.

"I will tell you—what to wear." And as he began enumerating one article after another he added to her perplexity. "You must take," he said, "heavy woolen dresses, heavy shoes and gloves, a white or cream-tinted low-corsaged reception or party dress, hat, gloves, and fan to match." And to me he said, "James, you will need your dress suit and some old clothes, and your flannel shirts, and fishing jacket and outfit, and your guns."

To our wondering looks of surprise his enjoyment seemed to increase, and all through the morning meal he would keep suggesting to my wife everything, from her diamond necklace to an old pair of shoes, to take with her. Our efforts to learn from Mike what was the nature of the trip were also unsuccessful.

"'Pon me sowl, Oi'm not afther knowin'. He sez to me the other day, sez he, 'Mike, Oi'm goin' till Chicagy tomorry; git a few things in the bags fur gineral use fur a few weeks fur both av us, as ye are goin' wid me, so ye are.'"

After the Senator had rested an hour we went down into the city, and when I left him near my office he said he would join me at lunch; that now he would go over and see how well I had carried out his orders and close all the unfinished business. When I met him he stated that everything was done to his satisfaction, and on the following morning at eleven o'clock we must all be aboard.

"I think we are a trifle selfish, just three of us in that big car. I wish we could have a few more congenial friends with us. There is Dr. Snowden, for instance, and his wife—how they would enjoy a thing like this! But I suppose

they are sweltering away in Washington. I'm sorry I did not wire them. It's too late now."

That evening the Senator helped Mrs. Daly with suggestions as to the selection of her wardrobe. The house was prepared for being closed an indefinite time. When we arrived at the North-Western passenger station the next morning earlier than usual, that we might be settled prior to our departure, we found our car, an elegant Pullman, standing alone on one of the south tracks, awaiting our occupancy. The cook, a colored man, stood on the rear platform in a snowy white jacket and apron, and on perceiving us his teeth showed like ivory beads.

"You'll fin' most eberyting in orda', missus," he said to my wife, "an' if you'll allow me, I'll take care of yo' tings an' show de way to yo' apartments."

The car was beautifully finished, convenient, and nicely arranged. My wife gave a little exclamation of surprise and pleasure as each compartment came into view, and when the little cosy drawing-room was reached, with its easy chairs and piano, her pleasure was unbounded. We busied ourselves arranging our belongings in the rooms the Senator assigned us. We could not content ourselves in settling immediately, but must satisfy our curiosity by looking over the car. The kitchen was a marvel. The large cooking-range shone like burnished silver. The utensils were made to fit into each other to secure compactness. The cupboards were marvels, and the compartments for provisions were tin lined and air-tight. Ice coolers, ice chests, meat chests, were all there, and the whole thing seemingly occupying a space not over eight feet square. A large ventilator in the roof of the kitchen removed all smell of cookery. We had not missed the Senator in our exploration, but on returning to the drawing-room met him with a gentleman that I at once recognized as Dr. Snowden, of the *Washington Post*.

"We were talking about you only yesterday. When did you arrive?"

"That is what I told him, James," said the Senator. "Now, Doctor, we want you along with us. We must have you—no getting out of it."

"But, Hanna, I have my wife along," said the Doctor.

"Well, so much the better—why in fact that is better than I expected. Let us go and see her."

"But, Hanna, a young lady is with us also—it is impossible."

"A young lady, ha-ha! That settles it. What is a party good for that hasn't a young lady in it? What sort of a world would this be without young

ladies? A spring time without blooms; a summer without roses; an autumn without grapes; a winter without music; moonlight without kisses."

And so the Senator ran on, whether recalling and reciting some response to a toast at a senatorial banquet, or extemporizing his thoughts, no one knew. He kept straight along, talking as fast as he walked, till he was in the presence of the ladies in the depot, where Dr. Snowden had left them, and ended his soliloquy in a hearty greeting.

"Ha, ladies!" extending a hand to each. "Here I have caught you out on a fly, as the boys say. Mightily lucky I met the Doctor perambulating the platform. And so here you are, all off for a railroad waltz in the Northwest, a sort of old-fashioned country dance, up the sides and down the middle; and I'm to lead the measure. That is the kind of an expedition I am out upon myself."

The young lady looked startled at first, but noticing the pleasure in the face of her elder companion, gave her hand to the happy old fellow, who, on finishing that part of his speech, paused and looked kindly at her, still holding her hand, and ran on: "The young lady's name? Ah, Miss Blount. Miss Blount, I am very happy to meet you, dear—quite fortunate for all of us. You will be a great acquisition to our party and car. I do not know where we are going, or rather, where we are not going, and not leave the rails of the North-Western's system, unless we leave the rails precipitously, and that, I hope, will not be the case. I have full accommodations for you, rooms, everything—come along. Mrs. Daly is waiting for you—come."

"But really, Langdon," said Mrs. Snowden to her husband, "is Senator Hanna in earnest?"

"Am I in earnest? I tell you the whole thing is settled. You are my guests."

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Snowden. "I'm afraid we are imposing on good nature. Would you like to go, Madge?"

"Oh, I would be delighted!" she whispered to the elder lady.

They accompanied us down to the car, and when they were certain there was room and plenty to spare, they gradually acquiesced, and the Senator commissioned Mike to get the Doctor's trunks aboard. My wife had known Mrs. Snowden for many years, and prior to her marriage Mrs. Snowden had been regarded by her as filling a mother's place. Their delight at their odd meeting, and the knowledge that Mrs. Snowden was really going along with her, made the



IN THE GARDEN.

anticipation of a pleasant trip greater than ever. My wife and Miss Blount were drawn toward each other at sight, and they kissed each other at their first meeting with the enthusiasm of lovers. We were seated in the drawing-room just prior to starting time, when a gentleman accosted Sam, the cook, who was standing on the rear platform, and merely out of curiosity asked him :

“ Who’s car is this ? ”

“ Well, sah, de gemmen what’s got it now is Senator Hanner, I b’lieve his name is, from St. Paul.”

“ What ? Senator Hanna ! Is he aboard ? ”

“ Yes, sah ; in de forwahd eend.”

The gentleman walked rapidly forward to the front platform and entered the car. Lifting his hat, he said :

“ Is Senator Hanna on this car ? ”

“ Well, he just is. Why, by all that’s good, if it is not Carlisle ! When did you leave New York ? How did you know I was here ? But, I beg your pardon, allow me to introduce you to Dr. Snowden, of Washington.”

“ Why, Snowden,” said Carlisle, “ how are you ? Well, this is certainly unexpected ! ” And warmly shaking hands with Dr. Snowden, Carlisle said, “ Do you know, Hanna, that Snowden and I were boys together ? ”

Mr. Carlisle was introduced to the other members of the party in turn, and when being presented to Miss Blount he said, “ Your name seems familiar to me but your face does not ; when I think of it, I have heard my son Charles speak of you.”

“ Is your son Mr. Charles Carlisle ? ” she said.

“ That’s his name, and he is around here on the platform somewhere now. We are just on our way to Marquette.”

“ So are we,” said the Senator.

The train at this moment started and Mr. Carlisle disappeared through the doorway, saying, “ I’ll be back in a minute,” and passed into the forward car.

“ They must be on this train,” said the Senator. “ I must say this is quite a coincidence. If a fellow wishes to meet all the good old friends he ever knew, and all the nice people whom he ever knew, all he has to do is to take a summer excursion on this North-Western Road.”

“ It would be quite an oddity if this gentleman’s son, Mr. Charles Carlisle, is the same gentleman whom I met by that name at Jacksonville last winter,” said Miss Blount.

“Of course, my pretty young lady, of course,” answered the Senator. “That is just what I have been saying. You meet a nice young man in Florida, or Bombay, or Uganda-land—anywhere—and wish to meet him again, all you have to do is to take a summer fly over this lucky old road. It beats all the roads in the world for luck and love. Now, I don’t know, Miss Madge, about the young man you met in Florida, but I’ll bet a picayune that this one is the same, because, as I said, it is just the luck of this road.”

“If you’re a true prophet, Senator,” answered Madge, “I’ll pay you that picayune.”

“You will, dear? God bless you! What did I tell you, Snowden? that the world wouldn’t be worth a sour crabapple if it wasn’t for the young ladies. Do you remember about Ben Jonson—‘Rare Ben Jonson’ they called him—how he raved about a kiss when he was old and ugly, and anything but rare?

“Jenny kissed me when we met,
 Jumping from the chair she sat in;
 Time, you thief, who love to get
 Sweets into your cup, put that in!

“Say I’m weary, say I’m sad,
 Say that health and wealth have missed me,
 Say I’m growing old, but add
 Jenny kissed me!”

Hearing some loud words in the other end of the car, I hastened back to find Mike and the cook in the height of a wordy battle.

“Oi tell yez, he don’t ate anny mate fur his dinner.”

“Well, mos’ gentlemans does,” said the cook.

“Duz yez mane to insinooate the ould man is no gintleman, ye ace av sphades? When Oi say he ates no mate, he dozn’t ate anny. Do yez moind that!”

“I didn’t say de old man was no gemmen. I didn’t say it. I know what I sez. You want to kick up a row, you do.”

“Well, Oi tell yez this—wanst and fur all—I’m orderin’ the males fur the ould gintleman, and fur dinner he ates a baked apple wid crame, and two schlices av tosht.”

The cook, not willing to continue the discussion, entered the kitchen and shut down the panel. Mike, perceiving me, changed countenance instantly, and with a dry laugh, said:

“He tuk me ordhers, annyway.”

When I reached the company again I was introduced to the younger Carlisle, whom I found chatting gaily with Miss Blount.

“Carlisle, what are you going to Marquette for—on business?” inquired the Senator of the elder Carlisle.

“A little for pleasure and a little for business. We are going to take it easy and not worry ourselves. You have got it right, Hanna, with this car. Now, I think this is just the thing—a regular rolling palace. I just think I’ll go with you as far as Marquette—invite myself, as it were. As for Charles, there, he can push along and have the business all attended to when I arrive.”

“That will not do at all. You must both stay with us. I have a room ready for you. You know, Carlisle, you are always turning up unexpectedly, and I had this room reserved especially for you. Excuse me, Miss Blount, I want to show Mr. Carlisle and his son our sleeping arrangements. This is my room, the first one on the left here; see how snug my hostelry is. This next room is Mr. and Mrs. Daly’s, and this is Miss Blount’s. Come, Miss Blount, and look at your room.”

She arose quickly, and came to them.

“Oh, is that not an exquisite little boudoir? And that lovely mirror! Senator, you know what a woman loves best, don’t you? Why, I’ll think I am some prima-donna in my own special car, you know.”

Mrs. Daly joined the party, and she and Miss Blount began talking volubly about the arrangements, while the Senator showed Mr. Carlisle and his son their room, directly opposite his own. Dr. and Mrs. Snowden had already taken possession of theirs, the next one, while the third was occupied by Mike. The cook had a bunk in the kitchen, a bed that folded into the side of the car when not in use.

“What do you say, Charles?” said Mr. Carlisle. “I do not desire to impose on Hanna.”

“Do not worry yourself about that,” said the Senator.

“I do like the idea amazingly, father,” said the younger man.

“We will accept, Hanna.”

“This is my St. Paul house on wheels; use my accommodations as your own.”

“Why, this is delightful,” said Miss Blount, when the younger Carlisle told her of their decision. “And you will not be compelled to do any rowing, and no danger of losing an oar here,” she continued, referring to an incident that happened while they were South together the winter before.

“Now that is unkind,” he said, rising. “But there is one circumstance connected with that night that I would enjoy over again.”

Miss Blount blushed very perceptibly, and young Carlisle, enjoying her confusion, said, “You remember,” and passed out of the car.

Mike was now busily arranging the tables for dinner. He was attired in a dress suit that had probably done service for the Senator at one time or another. His red hair was neatly brushed and parted in the back and brought forward over each ear. He was about the Senator’s size, but a little more portly, and had those awkward movements that would have told his nationality without hearing his brogue. His face was always smoothly shaven, and a pair of little blue eyes twinkled under his shaggy, red eyebrows. He busied himself at the tables, and hummed an Irish jig. He and the cook were on speaking terms only, and then only when occasion demanded it. The ladies retired to dress for dinner, while the gentlemen wandered back into the rear end of the car, the observation room. The train was whirling and flying along—now into a little suburban resort, with its whiteness and quietness and sleepiness under the noon-day August sun; only leaving it to plunge through another and similar one. Then on further still, and the stations less frequent; occasionally passing a farm-house or a crossing, with barefooted children standing in the dusty road waving frantically for some sign of recognition.

The Senator, the elder Carlisle, and the Doctor were in pleasant chit-chat about general matters when Mike appeared and announced dinner in a few minutes.

“Gracious, but I’m hungry—hungry as a bear!” said Carlisle.

“Yes, I’m ready,” said the doctor. “It is wonderful how these northern latitudes do improve the appetite. I do not know that I would have been able to eat anything if I had remained in Washington much longer. On the ‘Davy Crocket’ I hope to gain enough momentum in appetite to carry me along until the new year, at any rate.”

“A good appetite is necessary to do justice to Hanna’s board, no matter where it is—in Washington, St. Paul, or on wheels. I have dined with him before. Eh, Hanna?” said Carlisle.

At one o’clock dinner was called, and there was a movement toward the table, not quite so stately as is usual toward a senatorial banquet. A long table was set in the centre of the car, and a table on the side which Mike had arranged as an impromptu sideboard. It was laden with little silver-plated buckets, on opposite

sides of which peered, through broken ice, plethoric bottles with large corks covered with gilt foil, the labels of which told of a vintage of no recent date. Mike served the dinner and it was delicious. A good appetite and a congenial friend across the table are not productive of a dyspeptic.

Before dinner was over the Senator announced a programme that he had marked out, for the present, at least.

"My idea," he continued, "is this: that we do no traveling at night. When night overtakes us, we will stop where we are at that time. Continuous traveling will make us tire of the journey. I have official papers with me that will allow us to side-track where fancy pleases. By the way, here is our first stopping place. You have been so taken up with your dinners that you are probably not aware that this is Milwaukee, and we are being switched from the regular train at this minute. This is the famous Milwaukee Bay that you are looking at now. What say the rest of you to my plan?"

"Oh, Senator, I think it is capital! We can sit on our veranda and have a new prospect from our house every evening. Isn't it an idea! and such a romantic one. Don't you think so, Mr. Carlisle?" said Miss Blount.

"It is," answered both the elder and the younger Carlisle.

"I see two of you are answering to the same name," said the Senator. "Now let me suggest that we adopt the given names, for the young people at least, and the surnames for the older.

We are all a big family for a while, and it is not congenial to say Miss Blount, for instance, every time she is addressed. Miss Blount has an extremely pretty name—Madge—and if she does not object we will all call her Madge."



WAUKESHA SPRINGS.



“I like that name the best, and I wish you all would ; in fact I think my last name, Blount, is such a whole mouthful of a name that I never did like it. I wish it were something else.”

At this Miss Blount colored visibly, and the inaudible smile that greeted her at her mistake only heightened her confusion.

“ You’ll probably have it changed some day,” said the Doctor.

“ Oh, I did not mean—I—you know—I mean ”——Her words were shut off by a smile which was, this time, distinctly audible from all parts of the table, and blushing violently, she arose from her chair and ran into the other end of the car to hide her confusion.

“ Now, Doctor, why did you say that? ” said Mrs. Snowden. “ Will you never quit teasing that girl? ”

“ We will call Miss Blount, Madge, for a while, as she does not object, and the younger Carlisle, Charles, and the elder Carlisle, Mr. Carlisle, I guess,” continued the Senator. “ And then there is Dr. Snowden—that is easy enough; and call Daly here Jim or James, and his wife—well, I call her Daughter.”

“ Call me Cassie, as James does,” she replied.

“ That settles all but myself.”

“ I think we will call you Conductor, Senator,” said Mr. Carlisle.

“ Naw! call ’im the Sinater,” Mike put in with a feeling of warmth. “ Oi loikes the a-claw av the name.”

“ The what, did you say, Michael? ” said Mrs. Snowden, laughing.

“ He likes the e-c-l-a-t of the name,” said the Senator, smiling.

“ How doz yez sphell your word? ” said Mike, a little provoked at the suppressed mirth that was going around the table.

“ It’s a French introduction, Mike,” I answered, “ and is spelled e-c-l-a-t.”

“ Oi nivir sed anny such thing,” testily replied Mike, as we arose from the table.

“ We will be here until to-morrow morning, and I, for one, am not going to lose my afternoon nap,” said the Senator.

“ I am glad you suggested it,” said Mrs. Snowden. “ That relieves me of excusing myself.”

The ladies all retired. The windows opening toward the bay were raised and the blinds pulled down on the sunny side ; the car was soon deliciously cool. Mr. Carlisle and Charles left for a stroll into the business portion of the city,

while I could not forego my after-dinner cigar, seated myself at one of the unoccupied windows and listened to the conversation carried on between Sam, the cook, and Mike, who were busily eating their dinners.

“Well, yez kin cook, afther all.”

“I’d orter—bin at it mos’ thirty yea’s,” said Sam.

“Phwat! thirty years, did yez say?” said Mike, dropping his knife. “How ould are yez, anny way?”

“Mos’ fo’ty-eight, or it’s not fer from hit; I disremember ’bout dat, but I was a chunk er a boy when ole massa went to de Mexico war, and I heerd dat was ’long ’bout ’48; wasn’t hit, Mr. Jim?” referring to me.

“Yes; about that time,” I replied.

“How ole is you, Mike?” asked Sam.

“Oi’m forty-ate mesilf.”

“Well, I ’clare, you don’t look hit—yaw, yaw! Thinks I you’ not mo’ dan thirty enyway.”

The remark of the cook pleased Mike, on noticing which Sam continued:

“You got a clean face; don’ you never wea’ eny whiskers or nuthin’? How it happen yo’ don’t?”

“Oi phrobably tuk the infiction whin in Washington.”

“Uh, ha! but I might a knowed yo’ was older, lookin’ at yer ears.”

“Luckin’ at me ears? Doz yez think me ears grow a new round ivery sazon? ’Pon me sowl, yez take the cake fur insultin’ langwidge.”

“No, no, dat haint hit. Say, what makes yo’ bristle up every time yo’ spoke to? You mus’ got up wrong eend to, dis mo’nin’. Now, if yo’ want er know wat I ment ’bout de ear tellin’ aige, I’ll tell yo.’ Mos’ likely yo’ never hear dat, eh?”

“Oi nivir did,” said Mike.”

“Hits like dis,” said Sam, coming over to Mike: “Yo’ feel dis little nub er gristle jus’ fore yo’ comes to de hearin’ business—what’s its name?”

“Oi don’t know, but oi feel yez finger,” said Mike.

“When yo’ gits to be twenty-six dere is a little fuz comes on dar, an’ as yo’ gets older de longer hit grows. Yo’ feel now; yo’ got some stiff ole bristles on dere now. Why, I knows pussons among my people in Georg’a dat kin tell de ’zact aige an’ year yo’ was born in.”

“Aw, come off wid that tale.”



SHE PULLED HER MITTENNED HAND FROM HER MUFF AND HELD IT UP.

“Hit’s a fac’; we call um aige mans.”

“Don’t anny av yez know whin yez wuz born?”

“I neveh seed a colo’d pusson what could tell ’zactly, leastwise dem what wus bo’n fo’ de wa’.”

I then explained to Mike the condition of the colored people before the war and the reason of their keeping no data because of their lack of education. As the men rose from their dinner and began clearing away the tables, I sauntered into the drawing-room and took a short nap on the sofa. When I awoke I heard the Senator talking on the platform, and upon going out found he was engaging carriages for a short drive over the city, to start at five o’clock. The Carlises had come back and the ladies were notified.

At the appointed time, two open carriages drove up to the depot platform, and we were rapidly whirled to the north, along the drive overlooking the bay, to the light-house, returning several hours later by a tour through the city and the grounds of the Soldier’s Home. After a light lunch, we again took the carriages for Schlitz’s garden. This is the Milwaukee German’s pride. At the time of our arrival the tables were nearly all occupied with guests. At some of the tables sat the husband and spouse and their children, all sipping beer and listening with moistened eyes to “Die Wacht am Rhine.” A little slice of the Fatherland it is; German songs and song legends are rendered as feelingly as in the gardens of “Unter den Linden.” Many Americans also frequent the place. It is one of the few beer-gardens of the United States that a lady may resort to without criticism.

“This is what I call comfortable,” said Carlisle. “This is forty times better than a hot theatre. But here we are sitting, staring at our surroundings, and being stared at in turn, while these two men here are waiting for our orders. I’ll order, and I guess everything will be satisfactory if I make it Pilsener for the gentlemen, and——

“Lemonade for the ladies,” said my wife.

“Alles recht! Fünf Pilsener comes a long, and make it drei lemonades,” roared the waiter across the garden to the bar.

“What queer things you do in the North,” said Miss Blount to Charles, who was sitting near her. “A lady seen in a similar resort in the South would be tabooed forever after, had she an escort or not.”

“This is not an unusual thing, Miss Blount——”

“Madge, please,” she interrupted.

“Yes, I forgot. In New York it is not an unusual thing for parties to be made up and go to Theiss’ garden, or Koster & Bial’s. The music is the best that can be had, the crowd decorous and attentive. Some objectionable features, of course, but you can say the same of every theatrical performance.”

“Cincinnati has similar places, also,” said the Senator. “In fact, there are half a dozen hill-top resorts.”

“Well, for my part, I think it is terrible,” said Mrs. Snowden. “I feel ashamed of myself, but the music is beautiful. I believe I will have some more Pilsen—what do you call it?”

“Why, wife, you had lemonade.” Dr. Snowden glanced at Mrs. Snowden’s glass and said: “If that waiter did not give me the lemonade and mother the beer, and she has drank that, thinks beer-gardens are terrible, and now wants some more—what’s its name!” The Doctor laughed heartily, and the Senator winked at the Doctor and nodded to the waiter, who caught up the glass and once more roared out:

“Eins, in a hurry!”

We watched the crowd and listened to the numbers until perhaps ten o’clock, when we ordered the carriages and returned home—our home, with a string to it.

The evening was so warm that we did not retire at once, but occupied the observation room and the back platform. We found that by keeping quiet we could feel comfortable. It was noticed that whenever it was practicable Charles and Madge, accidentally, of course, managed to get in the same neighborhood. I noticed that they were now occupying chairs at one of the windows facing the bay.

“A land breeze is blowing to-night,” said the Senator, “and we being under the lee of this big hill on the right do not get any of it, but you would be cool if you were out there on the water a short distance. You young people, Dr. and Mrs. Snowden, and Mr. Carlisle, and the rest of you, can enjoy yourselves, but you will excuse me. I must go to bed—I’m drowsy, and the last thing the doctor told me was to get all the sleep I could.”

“Excuse me, also, friends. I am very tired,” said Mrs. Daly.

After they had retired, Mike brought us some cool lemonade, “Wid the cook’s compliments.” After he had served it he perched himself on the brake-wheel.

“Wid your lave,” he said. “Oi’m miltin wid the hate, so Oi am.”

“By the way,” said Madge to me, “why does the Senator call your wife ‘daughter’? Are you related? I have noticed him address her by that name several times to-day.”

“There is a little story connected with that,” I replied. “You know what it is, Mrs. Snowden?”

“I know why it is, but I do not know any story connected with it.”

“If there is a story connected with it, let us have it by all means,” said Charles.

“If you desire to hear it I’ll tell it, now that the Senator and Mrs. Daly are out of range.”

They all nodded assent, and unconsciously began to arrange themselves in their chairs for an easy position. I stated that I had once written out the story under assumed names, and thought that I might induce some magazine to take it. I did offer it hesitatingly, but it was returned, saying: “Your story, ‘A Hand,’ is fair, but there is not enough action in it. While some of your scenes are original, they are unreal. We are sorry we cannot use it, etc.”

“Oh, do commence, Mr. Daly. That magazine man was a poor judge, I know. It is going to be a love story, I hope,” said Madge, impatiently.

“Go on wid yez yarn, Jim, Oi’m waitin’,” said Mike.

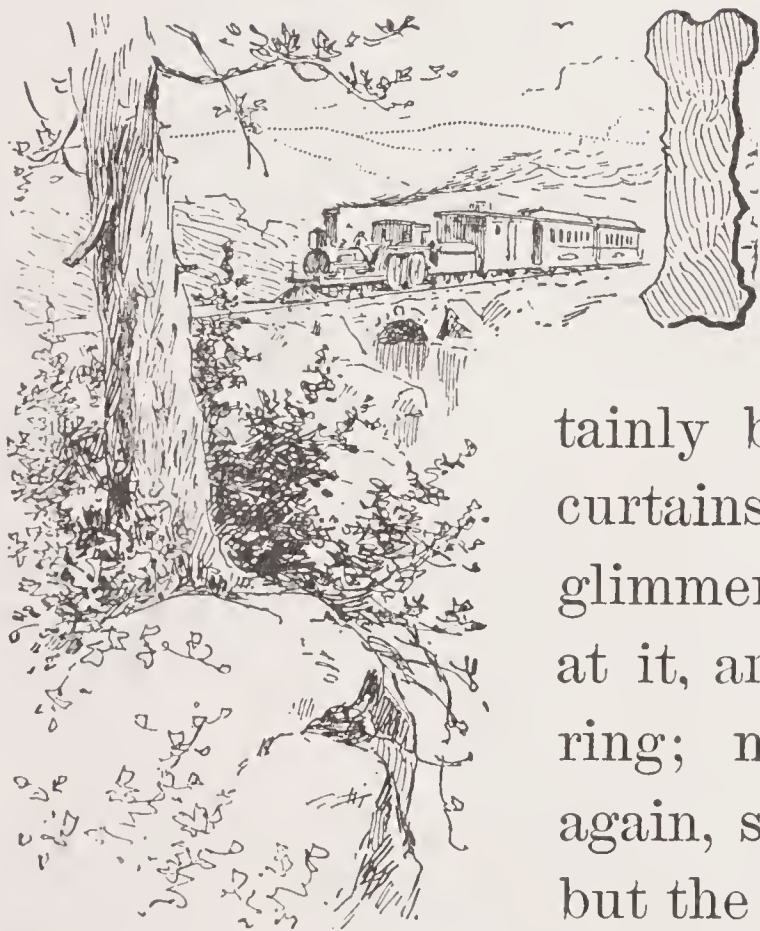
“Well, here it is.”

CHAPTER II.

Oh, little hand so fair and white,
So finely moulded, smooth, and slender,
When first you came within my sight,
All else gave way to feelings tender.

And though you seemed so small and slight,
You bound me fast—a sweet oppressor,
And peace I knew not, day or night,
Until of you I was possessor.—ALLAN WOODRUFF.

A HAND.



AM a sound sleeper. With a clear conscience and a robust constitution, it is impossible for a man to toss sleeplessly on his bed. But that morning I awoke suddenly two hours before my usual time, and felt so wide awake that I thought it must certainly be seven o'clock at the latest. I pulled aside the curtains of my berth, and held my watch under the glimmering light. It was only five! I shook it, looked again at it, and glanced up and down the car. No one was stirring; not even the porter in sight. I pulled my head in again, shivered a little, turned over and tried to go to sleep, but the pillows seemed out of shape and I could not comfortably arrange them. The covering would not adjust itself to me, and after trying to keep my eyes shut a few minutes, at last gave it up and rolled up the curtain.

The air outside looked keen and snapping. The ground with its covering of snow sparkled as if some prodigal hand had scattered diamonds in profusion everywhere. The moon was low, but seemed to be lingering for one last look on so beautiful a landscape. Away ahead I could occasionally catch glimpses of the engine as she rounded the curves, covered with clouds of steam that fell back over her dusky form like a mantle of eider. She held her nose over the glistening path, with its two parallel lines running on into infinity, like a hound on the

trail, while the light on her forehead darted flashes like a meteor. On we flew. The low rumble and swaying motion of the car on its springs betokened our speed.

I lay back on my pillow, thanking fortune that I was in comfortable quarters, and not breathing the frosty air as the men on the engine. As dawn appeared I pulled up the curtain at the foot of the berth, piled the pillows under my head, making my position a semi-reclining one, and watched the effect of the bright streaks of crimson which were now shooting over the hills and making the shadows in the valleys disappear.

On entering the car the evening before, as far as I could notice, the apartments were nearly all filled. Seeing this, I gave my valise and coat to the porter, entered the smoking apartment, and did not leave it until late—so late in fact, that it was almost impossible to find my berth, owing to the poor light and the uniformity of the made-up berths.

I now noticed as I raised the lower curtain, in the half light of morning that filled my apartment, a white object at the upper inside corner of the berth, to which I at first gave no attention, thinking, as I remember now, that it was the corner of the sheet that covered the berth above me. At one time I saw it move, but the movement was so unnatural for an inanimate object that it gave me a slight start. As the light increased I found my attention was all the more keenly riveted on this white object in the corner. I saw it move a second time and by degrees it began to take shape. I now discovered that it was a hand, but whether a large or a small one, a man's or a woman's, I could not discern. I was pleased at making the one discovery—a little more daylight would tell me what kind of a hand it was and give me some idea of its owner.

I found out as my vision became plainer that it was small—probably a child's. Next, that it was too slender for a child's, and not large enough for a man's. A slight movement of the hand betrayed a beautiful solitaire ring encircling the third finger—my interest very perceptibly increased. I thought I was too old to be interested in such things. When a man looks back over a stretch of thirty years, and can honestly confess that such trivial things as being interested seriously in a woman's heart never troubled him, he should not confess that in the secondary consideration he should be taken so completely unawares by a woman's hand. I wished my bed had been made up the other way, then I would be directly under the little hand and could study it, from a distance, to be sure, but more minutely.

The light grew in volume, but not fast enough to suit my impatience. I watched the hand as it hung there, limp and motionless, with increasing interest. I was fearful every moment it might be withdrawn. I sat up in my berth, but my view was not sufficiently compensated. I tossed my pillows to the other end of the berth and changed my position. A closer view of the hand showed me also a wee bit of well-rounded wrist protruding from a black sleeve fringed with lace. The hand was a beautiful one, small, pearly white, and looked as soft as a baby's. The veins were marked only the faintest under the almost transparent skin. The nails were beautiful, well rounded, daintily kept, and polished. My inquisitiveness would not stop where the hand left off. I was not now satisfied with the closer inspection I had obtained, but wanted to know if the owner of the hand was as comely in person as the little sample I had of her led me to believe was the case. I argued that such a white skin must belong to a fair complexioned lady, a brunette's would be creamy in color. I, of course, wondered how old she was—I could not see a wrinkle—she must be young. Was she married or single? I never gave much of any attention to the ring fashions, but I knew that a young lady was at least engaged if she wore a ring on her first finger. It gave me pleasure to know the ring did not betoken a sweetheart. Had the ring been placed on



GREEN LAKE, WIS.—VIEW FROM OAKWOOD.

the second finger she must have been a married lady, but then, if married, where was the plain band wedding-ring? It was wanting. The ring being on the third finger did not argue anything. I next tried to recall all that I had ever heard in regard to palmistry. I had given the matter some little attention years before, and could only recall the cardinal signs. The hand was partially closed; this was against me, but by twisting my neck, I found the hand was clearly marked with dainty lines, which I could now see but indistinctly. The line that is first considered is the line running around and encircling the base of the thumb, called the vital line, if I remember correctly. The line was so marked that it betokened a good constitution and a fair lease of life. Its course was nearer the base of the thumb than is usual, showing her to be of a warm, confiding nature, firm but sympathetic. Some other lines showed a love of independence and sound judgment; others, a coquettish, roguish nature; others, that she was tender of other's feelings. This much I found: That I was unconsciously taking as much interest in the "tale of the hand," as if I expected my own hand to be crossed with a silver piece when I had finished the examination. A few markings in the centre of the hand I desired to see, that the half light in the apartment did not reveal. I never knew how it happened, but can only remember that I was so earnest in my endeavor to trace out those markings that I forgot the hand belonged to any one—forgot where I was, or the situation, and turned the hand around to the light.

I noticed that my story was not much appreciated by my audience. This was made very evident by an occasional yawn from some of the members of the party, or from their changing their positions occasionally. I did not desire to bore them with a story that I myself thought insipid, and as I closed the last sentence, said:

"I see you are not interested, and we are all tired; let us postpone the balance of the story until to-morrow night."

"No, no; go on!" said Madge. "It is just beginning to get interesting. What did she do when you caught hold of her hand?"

The moment my hand came in contact with the hand from above I realized my mistake. The hand was suddenly withdrawn. An overwhelming sense of my folly came over me. I would apologize, but how? I could not say it was an accident, because I had taken hold of the hand deliberately. Had I merely touched it that would have been another matter. I did hope at that moment a

collision would happen, that in the uproar I could drop out into the snow unobserved. With a feeling somewhat akin to criminal, I dressed quickly, secured my valise and coat and placed them in a seat not occupied further up the car, and then went into the wash-room. Not until I reached it did I feel secure. I plunged my burning face into the cold water, which animated me a little. As I gathered my scattered forces while completing my morning toilet, I smiled at my sudden trepidation. I had not been seen; why not go back and from another seat see if the owner of the hand was as comely as I had pictured her? There were twenty other persons in the car; how could she distinguish me from the others?

I went back into the car and took a seat near my own berth and waited patiently for the occupant of upper "seven" to make her appearance. After a lapse of time that seemed hours, while in reality it may have been twenty minutes, I saw the porter approach the berth with the ladder, and immediately a girlish head protruded from the curtains with a half-frightened expression on her face. What I expected from so beautiful a hand was more than realized. The face was beautiful—large, lustrous eyes, a beautiful complexion, and a well formed head crowned with a luxuriant growth of auburn hair. As the curtains parted and she stood for an instant not quite determined which way to go, I caught her full outline. She was medium in size, graceful in every movement, and was clothed in a warm-colored fabric which heightened the color of her complexion. As she passed me I imagined I caught a little roguish twinkle in her eye—but that may have been only my imagination. I waited patiently for her return, but my station, Hudson, was called ere she came back, and I reluctantly got off.

The beautiful little town nestled so quietly under the lee of the hills, with the great black St. Croix bathing its feet, is as beautiful in winter as in summer months. As I left the car and stepped into the cold, invigorating air, I could not but admire the quiet tranquility that reigned everywhere. The blue smoke was curling upward from a number of white cottage chimneys that betokened warmth, peace, and plenty inside. I dropped my valise at the depot and walked aimlessly down the high-grade approach of the immense bridge. I indulged in some air-castle building that was the nearest approach to sentimentalism that had occupied my thoughts for many a day. The long train, now rumbling along the farther end of the bridge, and so far distant that it resembled a toy train of cars, contained a face and form that had awakened a new desire in me. A little white cottage in some quiet place like this, a wife, and mayhap a little toddler at my

knee—but nonsense. I started back at a rapid rate, breakfasted, finished my business, and took the next train for St. Paul.

It was the time of the ice carnival. Such a throng of people in outlandish costumes. At night the city was gaily illumined with myriads of electric lights, and its streets filled with noisy, rollicking, gaily-dressed crowds. I hurried through my business, which kept me occupied for several days, and then, being alone and having no personal acquaintances in the city, did as the rest did: bought a blanket suit, a tasseled cap, and followed the crowd. I was not willing to admit then, even to myself, why I staid, as I took no particular interest in tobogganing, or freezing myself standing on the corners watching the various carnival companies in their parades. But you can guess it. On the third day I was rewarded. I was coming down Third street; the sidewalk was filled with pedestrians, while the street was in a continual jingle of passing sleighs loaded with happy people. One turnout that caught my attention was remarkably fine. Three large horses were hitched abreast, a semi-circle of plumes over the central horse, while the others were nearly covered with bells. The heavy harnesses were trapped with silver. The sleigh was low and broad, hidden with robes, while the driver, on a high seat in front, was costumed like a Cossack. There were two occupants besides the driver—an old gentleman and a lady. The gentleman was so closely muffled that he was nearly unrecognizable, but the lady was the one that had occupied upper “seven.” She saw me, I think, before I recognized her. As the sleigh passed me and was receding, she pulled her mittened hand from her muff and held it up, palm toward me, for an instant, behind the old gentleman, and seemingly trying to avoid being seen by others, or the old gentleman himself. There was a most tantalizing and bewitching expression on her face as she did this. In a instant the face was gone.

To say I was dumbfounded at her action would be hardly expressing my feelings. That she knew or divined my efforts at palmistry in the car was certain from her action. That she was amused at my nonplussed expression was evident from the suppressed mirth, the fun, raillery, and blushes which followed like quick ripples over her face. To my embarrassment she had turned the tables on me. The twinkle that I thought I saw in her eyes as she passed me that morning in the car was not a supposition. It was a reality.

I made my way to my hotel and took the first train home. On my way to the depot I was afraid to look into a woman’s face, fearful that it might be she, and



MADGE AND YOUNG MR. CARLISLE.

that some new phase of the matter might reveal itself that I knew nothing about or did not expect. The matter puzzled me for a long time, but I never could come to any real opinion of how she obtained the knowledge of my efforts at palmistry.

When I entered Madame Y's residence the night of her famous reception, unattended, the house was ablaze with light. The parlors and halls were crowded with guests, while the dancers in the salon were making muscular efforts to keep in motion, though nearly futile for want of space. My acquaintance was limited, and after disposing of my wraps I was happy that such was the case. I could get into a corner somewhere and watch what was going on unobserved. I had scarcely reached the lower landing when I was confronted by an old classmate that I had not seen for years. His delight in meeting me was not assumed, and nothing would do but that I must make the rounds with him. Almost before I was aware of it I was filling my card with names.

I spent a most enjoyable evening. I closed my last number and was standing in the conservatory, which opened from the drawing-room, talking with Brown, my old college chum, when my attention was attracted to a graceful figure standing at the further end of the drawing-room conversing with an elderly gentleman. Occasionally she would look in our direction, artlessly shading her eyes with her hand to get a better view of us. There was something familiar to me in the figures of both the gentleman and the young lady. I probably stared so earnestly that Brown, noting my lack of attention, turned, and seeing the object that attracted me, said :

“That's the princess, Jim. They have come in late, and that is her father, Senator X. Come along. I'll introduce you.”

I tried to remonstrate but it was useless. The minute I saw her face, unaffected by the blaze of light, I recognized her. I am not usually timid, but I never felt so ill at ease or awkward as I did at that time. She saw my embarrassment and only added to it by saying :

“Yes, Mr. Brown ; Mr. Daly comes very near being an old friend ; so much so, in fact, that we should shake hands.”

And as she said this she coquettishly thrust forward the little gloved hand, which I clasped with a vigor that was quite unnecessary. The conversation branched off into various channels. I stumbled along and wished I could get away from those eyes. Finding that Brown was in the middle of a discussion

with the Senator, I told her I had something to tell her, and she very cordially took my arm and we wandered back to the conservatory, now quite deserted. I then explained the ridiculous experience of the sleeping-car—how I was led into it, and my succeeding rudeness when I thought I was not known. She laughed heartily and said the occurrence had been often amusingly thought of. She explained that, in her sleep, her arm had fallen over the side of the berth and she was awakened by a feeling of numbness in her hand, owing to the position her arm was held in for so long. She had no idea her hand extended below the line of the upper berth. Her attention was further attracted by a low voice in the berth beneath, and on looking down had seen the head of a rather “prepossessing-looking gentleman,” as she put it, in close proximity to her hand, and seemingly studying it very minutely. She knew at once what his motive was, and still more so, because the gentleman was talking either to himself or to some one in the berth with him. (I have been told before that I was in the habit of talking to myself. It only confirmed me of the uselessness of trying to throw off bachelorhood.) On pressing her to know what it was I said, she replied that she had only caught enough of the conversation to hear him speaking about the “Vital line,” the “Line of truth,” and so on. She also said she caught the expression of earnest endeavor on his face, and knew that the accident happened unintentionally. When seeing me again in St. Paul she could not refrain from giving me to understand she knew all about it, and begged that I would forgive her rudeness and make allowances for a little breach of etiquette, because it was “Carnival time.”

Further conversation was interrupted by the approach of Brown and Senator X. The Senator said :

“I am looking for a man by your name, Daly. I noticed by the papers he was in Washington a few days ago. He is here to introduce a new piece of ordnance he has patented. I did want to see him. I have an idea of my own that will perfect this machine, I think.”

“Why, Jim, that is you,” said Brown. “Senator, this is the Daly.”

“Well, just the man I wanted! Mr. Daly, your patent—I have seen the drawings—is lacking in this, that the——”

“Now, papa, do not commence talking gun to Mr. Daly. You will never know when to stop. Let me suggest that Mr. Daly call.”

“Yes, dear, you are right, and its late, too—but, Mr. Daly, can you not join us at breakfast. We will be alone, will we not, dear?”

“Breakfasts are too conventional, papa, and perhaps it would be inconvenient for Mr. Daly to breakfast at our hour; let me suggest dinner. You will come, Mr. Daly, and you also, Mr. Brown?”

Brown pleaded an engagement, but I accepted.

“Yes, dinner—that is better,” said the Senator. “I will in the meantime get my ideas on paper about the gun, Daly; and come early. We dine at seven.” And giving his number for his carriage, they bade us good night.

That night, just before we parted, Brown said, abruptly:

“So you and the princess are old friends, Jim?”

“How does she come by that name?”

“Oh, that is the name she is known by among her gentlemen friends, and that is the name given her by the papers here. She is so well liked, and is such a regal-looking beauty—did you ever see such eyes and hair? She reminds me—

“Her eyes were blue, and such a pair,
No star in heaven was ever brighter;
Her skin was most divinely fair;
I never saw a shoulder whiter.
And there was something in her form—
Juste en bon point, I think they term it—
That really was enough to warm
The icy bosom of a hermit.”

She has more admirers than any other woman in Washington, and treats us all about the same, but she is still ‘heart and fancy free.’”

“Then you are an admirer, I should take it?”

“Yes; I was one of them, but now I admire from a distance. Where did you say you met her, Jim? You did not seem a bit impressed with her cordiality.”

“Oh, it was only a casual acquaintance—some time back.”

“Eh, ha! Good night,” and Brown left me.

I sauntered slowly toward my lodgings; the bright moonlight and the utter quiet were restful. The cigar I smoked was a good one, but my mind was so busy in recalling her every word and expression during our short conversation that it went out half a dozen times. I was restless that night. I closed my eyes and could see the little white hand as I first saw it in the half light of early morning in my berth. I could see it, in its little silk mitten, held up toward me from the sleigh. I could feel it, with its gloved warmth, lying carelessly in mine, and

then, as I gradually became unconscious, it seemed to hang over me, and as I would grasp it, it would vanish just out of my reach. I, too, was becoming one of the "princess'" admirers.

The dinner that next evening was a charming experience—just her father and herself. Her father, the Senator, was, I found, an old friend of my father's in their younger days. When we arose from the table and the Senator led the way into the library, or his den, as he termed it, she begged to be allowed to follow us, and over perplexing details and seemingly uninteresting designs to her, we spent the evening. In comment on an idea of her's that explained a certain perplexity we were worrying over, her father said :

"Well, now, daughter, you know more about guns than either of us. You see, Mr. Daly, it's hereditary."

Before I left, she sang several charming little ballads, "favorites of papa's," she said, and I went back to my lodgings in love with the "princess."

The next day, and the next, saw me at the Senator's. Occasionally I would catch glimpses of Cassie as she flitted past or through the library, where the Senator and myself were busily engaged over our drawings. Sometimes she would stop and listen to our discussions. It was then that designs, ideas, and details would vanish and leave me in such an absent-minded state that it would be some minutes after she had left us before I could again collect myself enough to proceed.

Much to my pleasure, I found that my work was being lengthened out beyond all my former calculations. After my plans had been placed on file, I had no reasonable excuse for staying. The last evening in Washington, I called, with the full intention of telling Cassie some things her ear alone should hear. I found myself in a semi-reception when I reached the Senator's, and had only a few minutes with her to say good-bye. The Senator said he was sorry to lose me, as I had been the only sociable friend of the winter.

I heard from the Senator occasionally during the following summer on business topics, and he would generally speak of his daughter, but only as to her health or some such matter. In the following September, I saw a newspaper announcement of the engagement of Miss X., daughter of Senator X., of St. Paul, to Lieut. S. A. Somers, U. S. N. It made me shiver a little. I laid down the paper, and through the curling smoke of my pipe saw a slender white hand form itself and gradually grow dim and vanish in the shadows beyond the range of my lamp. I chided myself that I had let my love lie dormant all this time, and had

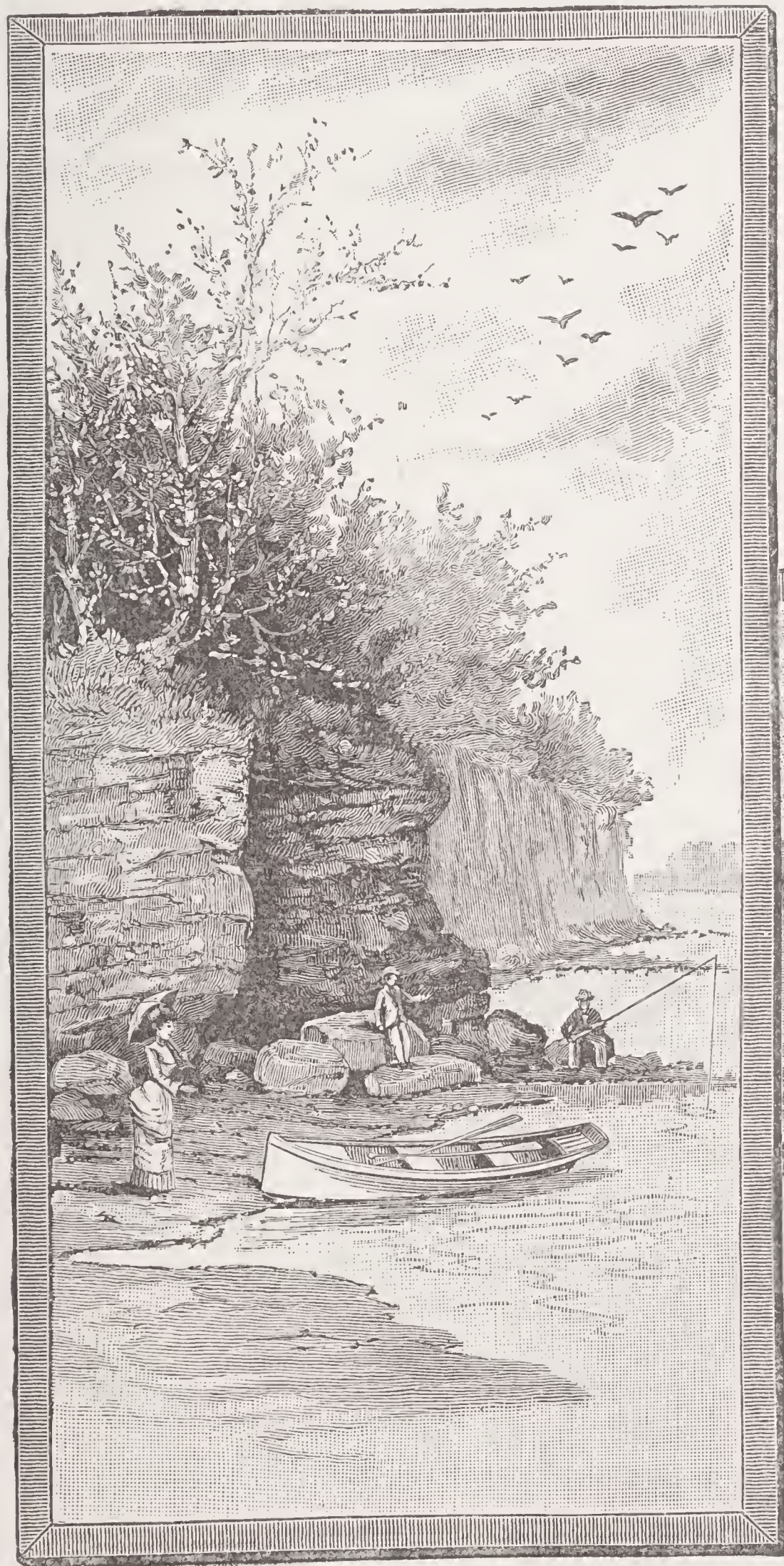
not even made a fair race for that which I desired above all things. Now it was out of my reach.

The latter part of the next January found me again at St. Paul during the

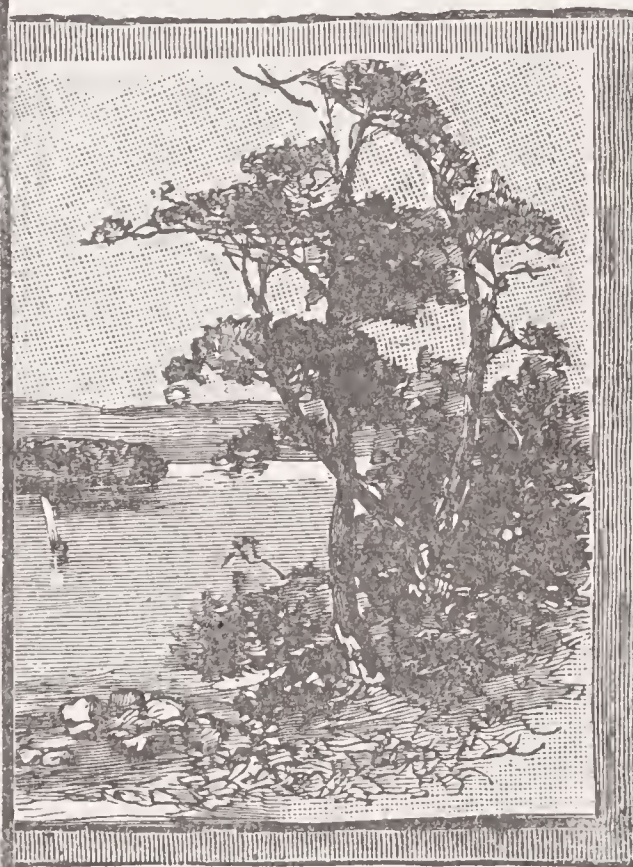
Carnival. The day after my arrival, on returning to the hotel for dinner, I found a note from Senator X., saying he had seen an announcement in the *Globe* of my arrival, and insisted that I should have my things sent up to his house and make his home my own during my stay; and further explaining that they had been home for some weeks and would not

again return to Washington that season. I called that afternoon and was met by Cassie, who had been apprised by her father of his invitation.

She seemed embarrassed at our first greeting, but it soon wore away and I found her even more beautiful and kind than ever before. When the Senator arrived he seemed delighted to see me, and at dinner was in one of his merriest moods. That evening a few of their friends came in and



GRAY ROCKS, GREEN LAKE, WISCONSIN.



Cassie sang for us. Late that night the Senator and myself talked over the ordnance bill that had passed the previous spring so favorably to myself, and planning new

moves necessary for its general introduction into the navy. That suggested a matter of painful recollection to me, and I said :

“I saw an announcement last fall, Senator, that you were to have a member of our navy as a son-in-law.”

“Where did you hear that? You mean Sumner? No; that was only a little newspaper gossip.”

I could have hugged the old gentleman. I mentioned that was where I had seen it—in some newspaper.

“No, Daly; the right man has not come along yet. She is a jewel for some man, but since her mother’s death the thought of her leaving me is painful, but, sooner or later, it is bound to come.”

The following afternoon a sleigh-ride was proposed by Cassie. The Senator had said at lunch that he would not be back until late.

On entering the sleigh I noticed it to be the same one that I had seen on that memorable occasion the year before. Our ride was delightful in itself, but I think we were both ill at ease. By some lucky intuition we again passed the spot where I had first seen the sleigh and the little mittened hand thrust out before me. Glancing nervously at Cassie, I noticed a slight tinge of crimson on her face. She laid her hand coyly on my arm and the tinge deepened as she said :

“It was here I treated you very unkindly a year ago.”

“You held it toward me then—and now, darling, will you not give it to me to keep forever?”

And as I clasped the little hand in mine, it laid there a willing prisoner, and her tears told me a story far more delicious than I ever wildly dreamed of.

“I knew before you were through that Cassie, your wife, was the Senator’s daughter. But you might have told us that before,” said Madge.

“That would have spoiled it all,” said Mrs. Snowden.

“That is a very fair story, James, but I guess you colored it up a little,” remarked Mr. Carlisle.

“No; Cassie told me about the sleeping-car scene—told me long before she knew Mr. Daly”—said Mrs. Snowden.

“Oi think Oi wud a tuk that yarn wuz Oi idditur av a noospaper,” came from the brake-wheel.

“It’s one’clock—let us go to bed,” said Mrs. Snowden, yawning.

The connections the Chicago & North-Western Railroad makes at Milwaukee with other lines are so varied that any of the hunting and fishing resorts of Michigan, Wisconsin, or any part of the Northwest, can be reached from here. The Milwaukee, Lake Shore & Western Railroad probably reaches the most famous of these resorts.

When I awoke next morning I found the car was moving. Knowing of these varied routes, and not hearing from the Senator what were his further plans, I had no idea where we were going or in what direction. This was one of the enjoyable things of the trip—a Bohemian existence, not knowing when you laid down one night where you were going to wake up, or where you were to sleep the next night; a full consciousness, however, that the larder was well supplied. I dressed quickly, and when I raised the curtain found that it was raining heavily. The rain would keep us in-doors, but it would be a relief to us by way of cooling the atmosphere and laying the dust and make traveling more comfortable. I glanced at my watch and found, to my surprise, that it was nearly noon. Upon entering the car I was greeted by the rest of the party, who were at breakfast:

“You were sleeping so comfortably, dear, that I disliked to wake you,” said Cassie.

“I think from appearances, if this is not dinner, all of you overslept yourselves,” I said.

“This is a grand morning to sleep,” remarked Mr. Carlisle. “I think there must have been a narcotic distilled from that story of yours last night, Daly.”

“What story was that, James?” asked Cassie.

“Oh, he told us the nicest story, Mrs. Daly, last night,” said Madge. “It was about a gentleman who was riding in a car—a sleeping-car, and when he awoke in the morning he saw a beautiful white hand dropped from the upper berth—but the gentleman was up earlier that morning than he was this.”

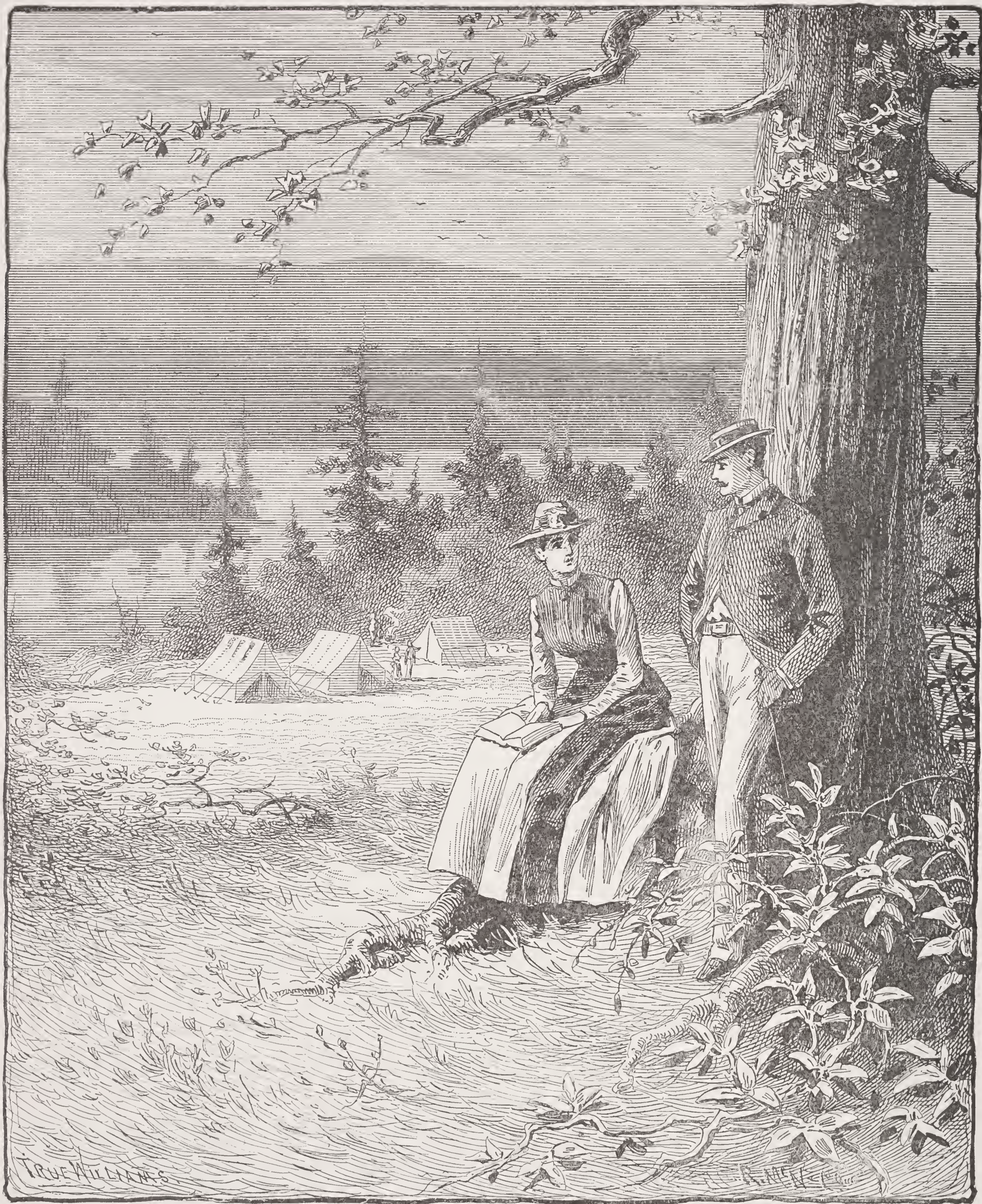
“James! did you tell that ridiculous thing again?”

“It was not ridiculous—it was nice,” said Madge.

“By the way, Senator, where are we? I have not the faintest idea of the way we are going or where we are,” said Mr. Carlisle.

“We are coupled to an extra freight and are going nearly west. My intention was to spend the day at Waukesha. We will be there soon as it is only a few miles from Milwaukee.”

After breakfast the various members of the party sought different amuse-



TRUE WILLIAMS

THE CAMP.

ments. The ladies went to the piano and sang, and the gentlemen gathered in the observation room to smoke and read the morning's papers. When Waukesha was reached, we were given a track to ourselves. The rain still continued, harder than before. The confinement grew a little irksome, with no change in the scene but the monotony of car tracks and switches. Had it not been for the cozy little depot, of which Madge made a sketch, the view would have been indeed dreary.

Along in the afternoon the rain stopped, and in a short time the sun shone out bright and hot. The carriages were at once ordered and we made a circle of the beautiful town, stopping at many of the springs. Many acquaintances from the East and South were recognized by the various members of our party. At the——Hotel, the Senator saw an old senatorial friend. On driving up to the sidewalk and calling him by name, Senator Blank was surprised and delighted.

"But," he said, "it's nothing surprising in Hanna; he turns up where least expected. By the way, why can you not bring your friends to the party here to-night? I desire to see Dr. Snowden and his wife very much. I am sorry they did not follow you in their carriage."

"We will come, but you must come and see us."

"Where are you stopping?" he asked.

"Oh, we have rooms over near the water-tank at the depot," the Senator answered.

Senator Blank looked slightly puzzled, but as he bowed, he said:

"I shall look for you this evening."

While we were out driving, Mike put on his dress suit in preparation for dinner on our arrival; but we not returning as soon as expected he put in his time by meandering up and down the platform in Charles' silk hat. That he created quite a sensation when the evening train from Chicago came in, is not to be denied. Finally one of the reporters of one of the Waukesha papers, who had seen Mike in some connection with the car, and thinking some foreign diplomat had landed at the Saratoga of the West, approached him and asked some trivial question by way of making known his business.

"Presint yez card, me bye!"

The younger man nervously fumbled through his pockets and finally produced one.

"Is that yez name?"

“It is.”

“Yez are sakin an interview, Oi shud take it. Cum over till me spicial!”

The reporter followed him, and when they reached the drawing-room he imperiously seated the young man and pushed an electric bell. Sam appeared.

“Wud yez bhring uz a little—— pwhat’ll ye have, me bye?”

“No, thank you—nothing for me.”

“Well, yez Americans is pecooler. Bring me—do yez hear?—a dhrink av imphourted Oirish, an’ apple-enarus wather, and the young man here a cigar.”

“Well, yo’ got mo’ ——”

But Mike gave Sam a wink that he at once comprehended, and rolling his eyes in a significant way, but still suppressing his mirth, he said :

“I wus gointer say dat yo’ gots lots de champagne lef, an’ mebbe dat——”

“Bhring me ordher!” Mike thundered. And off Sam went doubled up with laughter.

“Oh, jeminy! yaw, yaw! Don’ I wish de ole boss git back and kitch him (yaw, yaw!)” And he rolled on the kitchen floor in his merriment. “Oh, dat Irish is de (yaw, yaw!)—he’s too much; I wish Mr. Jim come in.”

While Sam was gone the reporter took out his tab and pencil and said :

“Are you on a trip for”——Mike interrupted him by saying :

“Oi’m opphosed to yez takin’ me thoughts verbatim.” And waiting a moment said : “How have yez spilt me lasht worrud?”

The young man spelled it out for him, and he continued :

“But since me arrival in the United Sthates, Oi must confiss that me opposition has been useless. Thravelin as Oi am, in sake av rist from me arjuous juties as the Queen’s ambassador av Oireland, Oi am delighted at the progress and beauty that characterizes the Wistern Impire. The Jook av Connot is thravelin in-cog-no-to. Wus it otherwise, he wud loike till mate manny av his warrum friends.”

Sam brought in the whisky and cigars on a tray, and dropping them somewhat unceremoniously on the stand, rushed out of sight, and again rolled on the floor in the agony of his mirth.

“What did Oi say before the interruption, me bye?”

“Meet many of his warm personal friends——”

“Yis, his warrum friends in—in—phwat’s the name av this place?”

“Waukesha.”

“Warrum friends in Waukesha.”

“Yes ; thanks, Duke, I have it. Now again, are you traveling alone?”

“Oi have me soote wid me. At prisint, they bez dhrivin’ over yez butcherful town.”

And Mike rose, handed the young man a cigar, and bowed him out of the door—not a minute too soon, as the carriages drove up, and we alighted on the platform. As the young man passed us I noticed that he stared at the party, and saw him make a memorandum on his tab.

When the reporter left, Mike placed the silk hat on its rack, and going to the kitchen door said :

“Oi’ll murdher yez, if yez open that jaw av yours.”

CHAPTER III.

“ They drift down the hall together,
 He smiles in her lifted eyes.
 Like waves of that mighty river,
 The strains of the ‘ Danube ’ rise.”—WHEELER.



DR. AND MRS. SNOWDEN, the Senator, and Madge and Charles, went to the hotel party in the evening for a short time—the elderly people to meet Senator Blank ; the young people for a waltz and a moonlight stroll home.

The flirtation that Madge and Charles were engaged in was noticed and gossiped over in the car. It was rather a continuation of an old flirtation after an interval of many months. At St. Augustine, the winter before, they had met, and were the subjects of some little excitement for a season. One evening they took a rowboat for a few hours on the water. They had gone farther out than was expedient, when a breeze came up that made the sea choppy, and, by some mishap, Carlisle lost an oar-lock. The breeze freshened and they were in danger of being carried further out, but he broke the handle off one of the oars and used it as a paddle. After five hours of exhaustive work, shore was reached some miles north of St. Augustine, and it was late at night when they again reached the hotel. Carlisle was nearly worn out, and Miss Blount quite exhausted from fear and the long, tiresome walk. In the meantime they were missed and known to be on the water. Searching parties were sent out, and the excitement increased as hour by hour went by and no word from the missing ones. When they returned they found their friends at the hotel in an hysterical frame of mind, but their safe return made them the heroes of the hour. Their sudden and unexpected meeting in the car had added another romantic link to the chain. The closeness of our social relations, making

us in reality a big family, bound them to each other by natural affinity, and they were improving the situation.

Senator Blank accompanied Senator Hanna and Dr. and Mrs. Snowden home from the party. They were soon followed by Charles and Madge. Some fruit and wine were served, and Senator Blank remarked as he departed that he believed he preferred "rooms over by the water-tank" to any accommodations in the city.

Early next morning we went on a few miles further, changed to another division of the North-Western, running north. Shortly after dinner we reached Fond du Lac, and continued up the west shore of Lake Winnebago, through Oshkosh, until we reached Neenah, where we side-tracked.

The Senator had been occupying his time since dinner in arranging and fixing his rods. He was delighted at the prospect of the addition of a fried black bass to his morning meal. Securing a conveyance we drove over to the Roberts House on Governor's Island, one of the resorts for fishermen the world over. The Senator, my wife and myself, lost no time in getting into a boat, and with Tom as our oarsman were soon out near the old light-house, and having very fair fishing. Charles and Madge, ever willing to be out of hearing except of each other's voices, rowed out of the river into the lake a short distance and landed for a walk on shore.

"We have a partiality for rowing, I think, Charles," she said.

"And no special liking for a stroll on the beach; perhaps we had better go back to the boat again," he answered.

"Oh, no," she said. "This is not a matter of compulsion, but recreation. Compulsion is irksome and recreation pleasure. Had we been compelled to come ashore we would be devising some means to get back or to get home. By the way, do you notice how often we use the word home for our car? There is nothing to suggest home about it—a car on wheels, changing its position every day; but then it is our home, and how delightful it is."

"Home is what you make it. I can imagine a man can make a home anywhere that fortune might lead him, and no matter what the conditions are, if he is prosperous he will be content and happy in that home. As it is with me, I am happy in our Pullman, because I am delighted to be anywhere where you are."

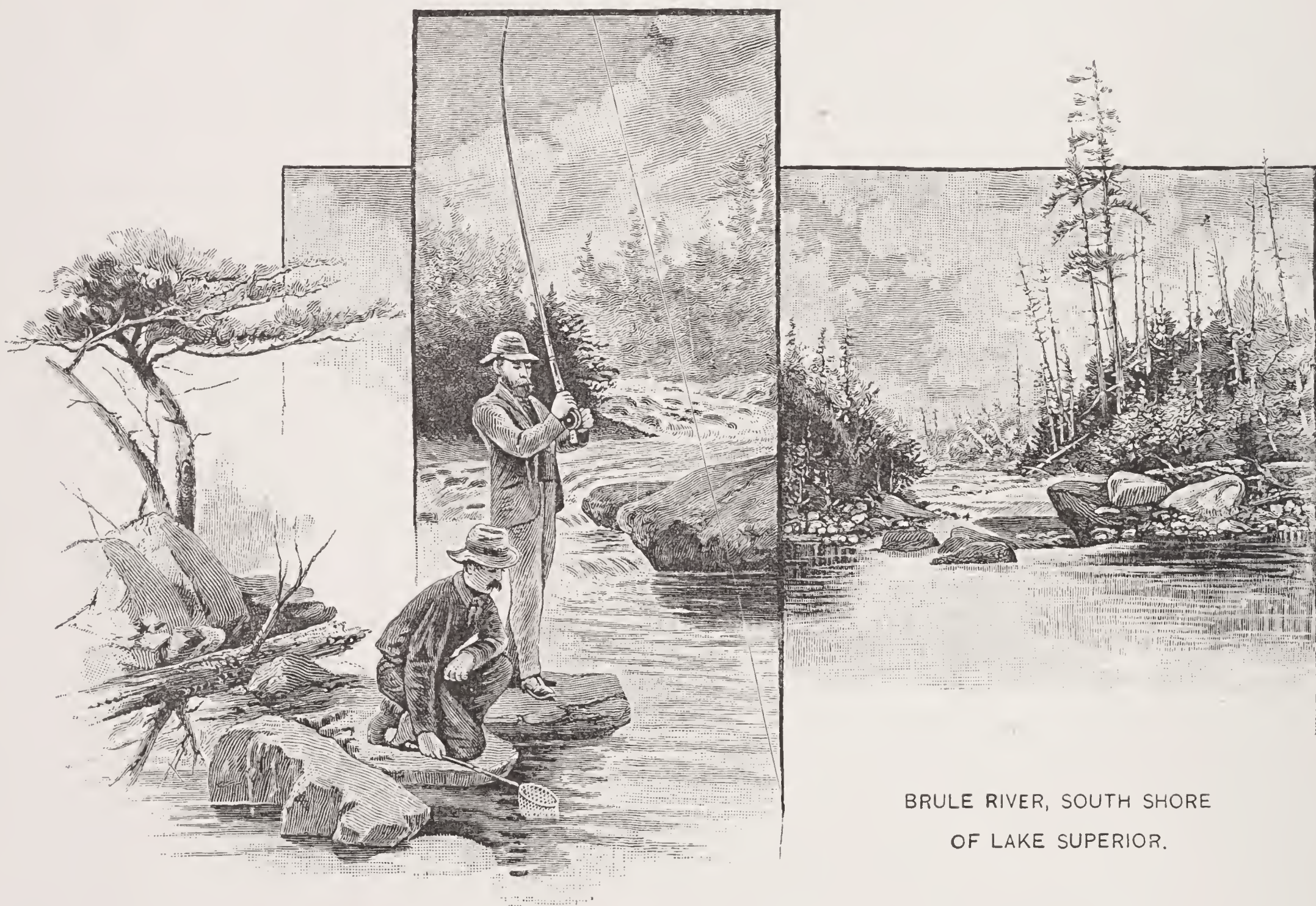
"Charles, you are a flatterer, and now you are getting sentimental."

"Oh, no, I am not. But there is, or seems to be, a kindred feeling—similar

likes and dislikes between us—that makes us chummy and companionable. I have often wished you could smoke! Now, that is a strange idea, isn't it?"

"The idea of a woman smoking," she said, with an expression on her face that betokened disgust. "How on earth would that improve your respect for me?"

"I do not know as it would improve my respect, for that is very high already; but you being a woman, and, if I understand you aright, you know nothing of the companionableness that tobacco gives to men, therefore can not



BRULE RIVER, SOUTH SHORE
OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

understand what pleasure it would be to me to take out two cigarettes, like this—see—and say: 'Let's have a smoke.'"

"Then I would say, 'Thanks, Carlisle. Gimme a light!' I suppose," she said, laughingly, at the same time taking a cigarette from his hand.

"And I would say, 'Certainly, Madge,' and light a match like this, and hold it up to you for a light, and you—well, you know how it is done, don't you?"

"Oh, I hope no one is looking," she said, glancing back nervously. "And I thought you would be shocked if I ever mentioned it, but I have been actually

losing flesh because I have not had a cigarette since we started. This is the only bad habit I have." And as she spoke she held the cigarette out, and knocked the ashes off with her finger.

Charles looked delighted, and as he watched her puff away like an expert, he said :

"Now we will be better friends than ever."

"But you must say nothing about this to Mrs. Snowden. She is my chaperone, and would be shocked. She would think this escapade highly improper." And as she spoke, she led the way back to the boat, in which they returned to the hotel.

Dr. Snowden and Mr. Carlisle fished in the river opposite the landing with no success. When we returned with quite a supply of black bass and pike they were as contented as if they had caught them themselves. It was late in the evening when we reached the car, all of us ravenously hungry, but no supper had been prepared. Sam supposed we had taken supper at the hotel. As to Mike, he did not know where he was. While we were talking, that worthy came in with a string of black bass and shad that was all he was able to carry.

"Where did you get the shad, Mike?" said the Senator, excitedly.

"Oi? Will, Oi'll tell yez. Afther yez wint away Oi found wan av yez bist rods layin' wid a reel on in the car here, an' Oi put ed together an' wint walkin' down the thrack to the dam we passed cummin' up, an' Oi mit a chunk av a bye, an' Oi axed him: Sez Oi, 'Doz yez want till earn a quarther? If yez doz,' sez Oi, 'show me the bist place for anglin' in the strame,' an' he tuk me till it. Oi wint onto an ole bridge down a ways, and by craping over the boords we kim to a black lookin' hole in the strame, and he sez, 'Here it is; gimme a quarther.' Oi sez, 'How doz Oi know yez earned the quarther; Oi aint got a fish'; an' Oi sez, 'You sthay here, and whin Oi go back you'll git another quarther for carrying av the fish. Loock! Oi had it, but it aint the fun it wud be if yez had to bees dodgin' the game-keeper.' 'Faix,' the bye sez, 'annywan can angle all he loikes. There is no sphort in that.' "

"But the shad, Mike, the shad?" said the Senator.

"Oh, yez; I asked the lad, the first wan av thim that Oi got, sez Oi, 'Phwhat wuz that thing?' an' he sez, 'That's a shad; they wuz planted here some years ago'; the ijea av the kid!"

“Say, you! I wants that fifty cents,” was heard from outside, and Mike looked at the Senator, and said:

“They bees worth it.” At which the Senator, with a smile, drew the coin from his pocket and handed it to Mike, who went out to the boy.

When Mike returned, Sam raised the kitchen window and handed the boy a sandwich, which he eagerly took.

“Say, kid! did ole Irish ketch them fishes?” Sam asked.

“Naw! he buyed ’em frum me at de dam,” and off he went in the darkness.

When supper was served that evening a more ravenous lot never sat down to a table. The black bass and shad, fried in an inimitable manner by Sam, were washed down with Chateau Yquem.

When the company had retired to the drawing-room and Sam and Mike were eating, the former could not forego the pleasure of saying:

“De fish katched wid a silber bait wusn’t bad eatin’, is dey, juke?”

“Aw! Go aisy. If yez give away phwhat yez knows about the interview yez will wish yez wuz back in Afriky.”

“How about de fishin’? Dat boy mus’ bin lyin’ when he tole me he sole yo’ dem fishes! Of cou’s he wus lyin’; of cou’s!”

“Av coorse he wuz lyin’, av coorse,” said Mike, not wishing to continue the subject.

In the drawing-room that evening we had some music, in which Madge, Cassie, and Charles participated. The Senator, while listening to the music, was abstractedly turning the leaves of a book that belonged to some one of the party, and it was noticed that he had stopped suddenly and was reading something that was written on a blank leaf. When he finished it, he said:

“I think the Muse and Pegasus have had a runaway some time since that hand story was told the other night. Listen to this:

Oh, little hand so fair and white,
So finely moulded, smooth, and slender,
When first you came within my sight,
All else gave way to feelings tender.

And though you seem so small and slight,
You bound me fast—a sweet oppressor,
And peace I knew not, day or night,
Until I of you was possessor.

“Well, now, I think that is very fair poetry—in a gentleman’s hand, too. Own up, now. Who did it?” said the Senator.

“Oh, I saw Charles writing in that book yesterday,” said Madge. “I think that is splendid. I want you to own up, too.” But Charles, looking a little confused, began playing on the piano.

The Senator had taken out his pencil and saying he would try his hand at it, read us shortly the following:

I have heard of a hand
That is much in demand,
A hand that comes always in place.
It's not dimpled or white,
But it's beautiful, quite—
I refer to four kings and an ace.

“Quite hand-some poetry,” I remarked. And from the dining-room, by way of remonstrance, we heard from Mike:

“Aw, rhats!”

Before going to bed, the Senator announced that we would be coupled to the early morning train, and then proceed on toward the North. We breakfasted next morning while passing Menominee; at ten o'clock we reached a small junction station called Powers. We were here transferred to the Iron River Branch, and ran on between the walls of tall and dense forests, which, after some hours, opened out into the mining town of Florence. Here an old-time guide, Charley, was ready with his boat, built in sections, heavy and strong, for shooting the rapids of the Brule. Another hour's run, hitched to a rough iron-ore train, brought us to Rocky Cut—an excavation in the granite for the road-bed, below which the beautiful river of the forest tumbles and eddies in rocky rapids.

It was arranged that we should go into camp here, and send the car back to the nearest side-track, a mile away. Charley had brought out three tents, camp-stools, and cooking utensils. We expected to leave the ladies in the Pullman, but they would not hear to it. So the tents were set, and carpeted with hemlock boughs, and fur robes, blankets and quilts, pillows and towels, soon made them look cool, comfortable, primitive, and delightful.

The Senator and myself were fitting up for an expedition which was one of the chief objects of the run out to Rocky Cut, namely, a deer hunt on Chicagoan Lake, which lay two miles back through the forest from the river; and at five o'clock we started with our rifles and blankets, leaving the Carlises in charge of the men and camp. Their camp-fire was sending up billows of flame, and the

cooks were busy preparing for supper, but we knew a thing or two about Chicagoan Lake, and were deaf to their entreaties to wait for something to eat.

After a short walk up the railroad track we struck the trail to the lake. We reached, about dusk, the camp of Indian Edward, whose acquaintance dated back some years. We found him at home ; his squaws making baskets, while he was mending a rent in a birch-bark canoe. There was no expressed surprise on his part at our sudden appearance. He merely looked up from his work, and said:

“Hello, ole man ! Hello, Jim !”

He always called the Senator “Ole man,” a name he had given him some years before, the first time he had guided us. The squaws were, however, talkative, and at once began preparations for our evening meal. Edward came in shortly and said:

“Good night shoot ’em deer; no rain. Where pack?”

We explained to him how we happened to be in his neighborhood, and about the car, at which he looked disappointed. He finally said:

“Let em car an’ squaws go. Stay ’em month ; big many deer ; bully fishen ! Got big deer las’ night.” And as he said this, he held up his outspread fingers to emphasize that it was an extraordinary big buck. We told him that we could only stay one night this time, but must have a little fresh venison to eat.

“Git one if ole man shoot ; you miss ’em las’ time,” referring to a shot I lost the last night on the lake, the fall previous.

“That’s it, Edward; it takes us old fellows to shoot,” said the Senator.

“You bet, ole man.” And to the squaws: “Got ’em supper ready?”

We sat down to an excellent supper of fried trout, bacon, venison, and corn bread.

“You know how to cook, Dongua !” I said to Edward’s wife, at which she looked pleased and replied:

“You not got good geego (fish) in Checogon?”

“No; the fish there is out of the water too long.”

When he had finished his supper, Edward trimmed the lamp and placed wolf-skins in the canoe for us to kneel upon, seated us comfortably, and taking his short paddle sat up in the stern, and with short rapid strokes sent us out over the marvelously transparent and glassy water. The sun had gone down, but the dark forests were drawn in black upon a sunset sky of supreme splendor. The loons were laughing in the shaded bays, and a belated whippoorwill set his forest

cove to ringing with his whip-like note. Straight on the canoe went, not varying a hair from a true line across the water.

About four miles brought us to narrows in the lake, when suddenly Edward's oar stopped and the boat shook slightly. The Senator seized his rifle—too late! A fine buck disappeared quick as a flash in the dense shadows.

Reaching the foot of the lake, we landed, lighted a small fire, and lay down on the brown carpet of spiky pine leaves and waited the orders of Edward. We smoked, told hunting stories, and made guesses about the night's sport till an hour or two had gone by. Then Edward rose, recited a rune in Chippewa, and bowed to the woods. Turning, he recited another, and bowed to the water.

“Good luck, ole man. Good luck, Jim. Get um big buck. Good medicine.”

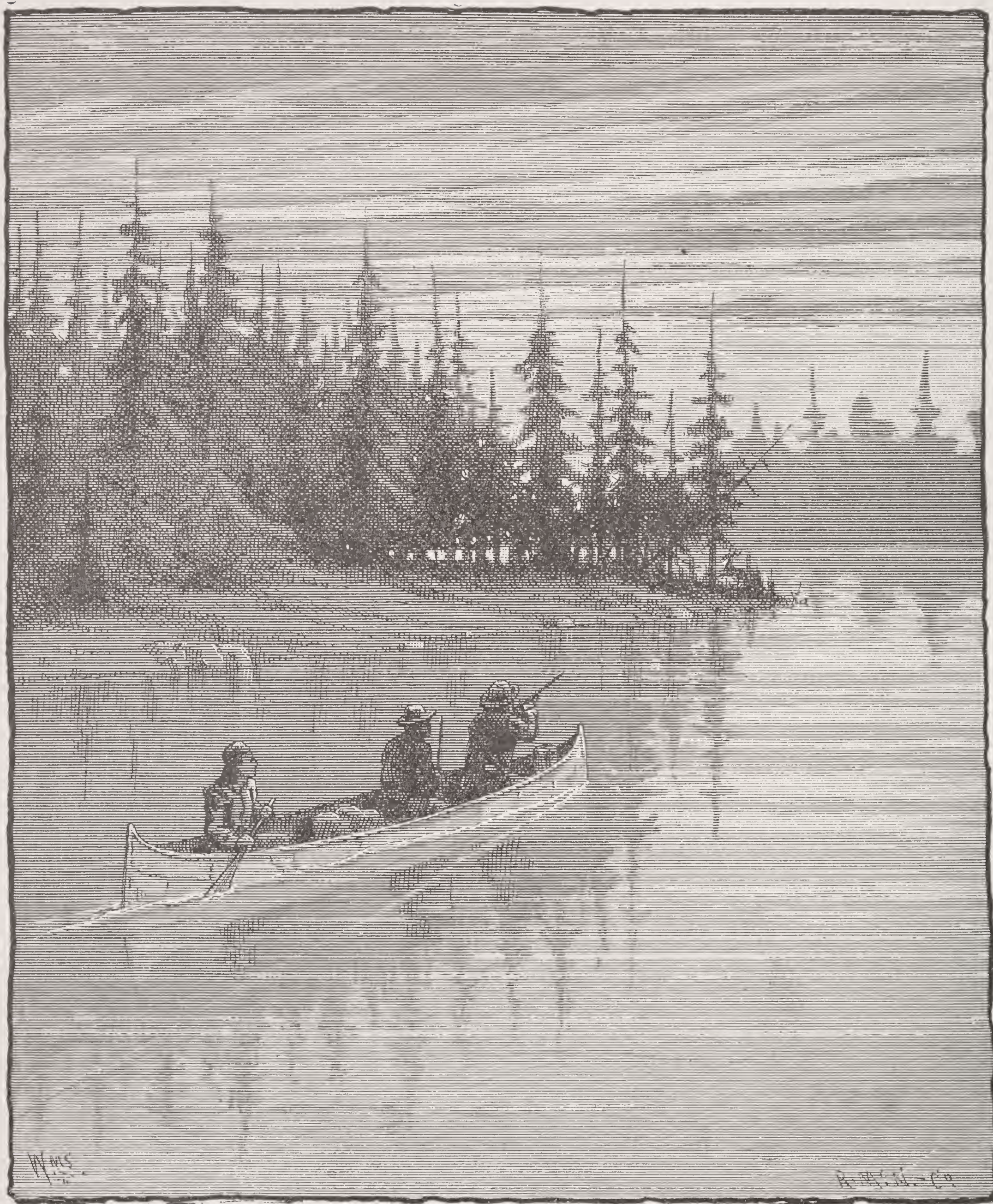
To a person unaccustomed to the utter stillness that characterizes these northern lakes, the silence seems painful. To us, coming from the rattle and noise of a railroad, the silence was welcome. As we sat on the bank of the lake our conversation gradually reduced itself to whispers. As it grew later we would occasionally catch the long prolonged cry of a wolf miles back in the dense timber, or the hoot of an owl, so low but so distinct that every inflection could be heard. Occasionally we would hear a splash of a fish far out in the lake. Then again, with startling distinctness, a sound like a dipper of water being poured into the lake, a part at a time.

“Hear 'em deer?” whispered Edward. “Down by las' point—half mile. Mebbe better go.”

We carefully took our positions—the Senator in front, with the privilege of the first shot; next myself, and lastly, Edward with the paddle. The lamp was placed on the bow of the canoe in front of the “jack.” The flame rose straight in the air. Hardly a breath of air was stirring. The bottom of the lake was of clear, white sand, and as the concentrated rays of the lamp fell upon it the water appeared white, and we seemed to be moving through a sea of molten silver.

Edward took a direct course across the lake to a point we could just discern by the outline of the trees against the sky.

It is useless to try to picture the excitement of hunting with a jack-light to the uninitiated. The intensity of the excitement is not to be compared to any other mode of hunting. Your world is within the halo of light; everything outside of that is utter darkness and silence. Your eyes are peering with all the intensity their nerves will allow. You expect to come on game every moment. Your hand



THE SENATOR SEIZED HIS RIFLE—BUT TOO LATE.

clutches the gun as in a vise. The shadows cast by the light as you move along disport themselves into deer in all attitudes. The splash of a fish as he passes back from the circle of light, or the plunge of an otter, send a thrill to your finger-ends. The paddler behind sends the boat rapidly forward over the smooth surface, with no sound from the paddle or water.

We had been moving thus for probably an hour, having made nearly the eastern shore of the lake, when I heard the Senator's rifle click, and saw him looking earnestly ahead. His outline was in silhouette against the light and I could see his every movement. Glancing ahead, I saw two small globes of yellowish-green light shining brightly in the darkness. The Senator moved on his seat to bring his rifle into position. Edward caught the movement and slowed the canoe. Slowly the Senator dropped the gun to a horizontal, and I, glancing along the barrel over his shoulder, saw he had the gun pointed a few inches below the eyes ahead, and the gun held so firm that no variation could be noticed. One more stroke of the paddle and a line of fire broke from the Senator's gun, and a report, which seemed to fill all space with its reverberations, thundered around us.

"Got um, ole man? Course got um! What ask that for?" said Edward, who, with a powerful stroke, sent the canoe into the grasses near the shore. "Course got um!" and he jumped out into the water and waded ashore. "Hear um kicken?"

The Senator turned and said:

"That was a very good shot, Jim; that was twenty yards, at least. What is it, Edward?" he called to the Indian on the bank.

"Nice, dry doe—fat—um bully breakfas'! Eh, ole man? Glad didn't let boy shoot—he miss um 'gain. Ole Injin an' ole man git um, you bet! Eh, ole man?"

"We never missed yet, Edward."

"Take boy along—learn how some day"; and with a dry chuckle he lifted the deer into the canoe and got in himself.

"Mos' awful cold to-night—git wet feet. Mebbe catch cold."

This was Edward's way of asking for a drink of whisky that he had just reason to believe he had earned. The Senator was expecting it, and passed back a pocket flask, which he drained. Then slowly twisting the cork on, he handed it back, saying:

"Better stay um month, Jim an' ole man. Git um deer every night. Now

light um pipe an' git home like h——." And grasping the paddle he took a direct course for his cabin.

Before breakfast next morning we started for the camp, Edward accompanying us carrying the saddles of the deer killed the night previous. We arrived at camp before any of the party had arisen, but soon had the fires started and called the ladies up. All made their toilets at the river side, dipping their hands in the running water. The Senator busied himself in cutting and peeling long slender limbs of birch, each of which he split about six inches up at the smaller end, and into each inserted a shapely bit of the tenderloin of the venison.

"Now, ladies," he exclaimed, "you each must toast your own breakfast"; and he flew around putting a toasting-rod into the hand of each lady and gentleman, and then calling loudly for pepper and salt.

"Season to suit yourselves," he said, "and cook to your taste."

When the cooks had the coffee and ash-baked potatoes ready, the Senator insisted that the venison must not be taken out of the sticks, but be eaten primitive fashion, by biting it off. There was great hilarity, but at the first taste Mr. Carlisle exclaimed:

"The sweetest morsel I ever ate!" This was responded to in chorus, and a vote of thanks tendered to the Senator.

Madge sat on a camp-stool with the lid of a cracker-box across her knees for a table; her venison-toaster, with its savory morsel uppermost, leaned against this extemporized tray. Charles sat on a birch log two yards away. She bit off a little of her venison with as clear-cut an arc as if her teeth were continuous blades, and then held it out on the end of the toaster to him, with, "Have a bite."

He colored with pleasure, and then carefully bit out the whole of the arc.

The Senator poked me in the ribs with the handle end of his toaster, and said in a low tone, "Jim, that settles it."

"It would, if they understood Chippewa, Senator; but they don't."

"Nonsense, Jim; a woman understands love lore in all languages. They no more have to learn it than that white-breasted sparrow has to learn to sing. Hear him! Isn't that sweet? See—see—see."

The Senator had increased the scope of his voice unconsciously from his aside to me, and the deepening pink in Madge's cheek showed that she understood, or at least suspected. But she turned to the Senator with—

“What a sweet note that is. What is it, Senator?”

“Ask it, and it will tell you,” he replied.

“Ask it! Well, then, Who is it?” called out Madge.

“It’s me-me-me,” came in plaintive, long-drawn notes from the forest.

“It is you, is it? Well, you are the loveliest sprite of the wilderness, whoever you may be,” enthusiastically exclaimed the young girl.

“Ee-ee-ee.”

“What is he saying now, Senator?” asked Madge. “You seem to be learned in bird language, and almost all other kinds. Maybe that is the name of his mate.”

“He is contradicting your flattering remark about his loveliness, and modestly attributing it to some one else.”

“How is that?”

“Well, that depends upon who it is who hears him. To one he says, ‘Nay, it is she—she—she’; and to another ‘it is he—he—he.’ ”

“Senator, I didn’t know you were a poet,” said Madge, admiringly.

“Neither am I,” he replied. “I never seriously wrote a stanza in my life, but everything talks to me, and I know what everything says. That is why I dearly love these solitary wilds. Byron partly understood, but only partially, when he said:

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture by the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

That giant black birch has been talking to me off and on ever since we came.”

“What does it say to you, Senator?” asked Madge, as the blue of her dreamy eyes grew deeper.

“I cannot translate tree language into human language, dear, but that birch tells me that he is sad. Some trees are sad, some serene, some joyful, some gay, some worshipful. Look at that tall balsam down by the river side. That is a spire, so symmetrical and beautiful in form that there is nothing like it in human architecture. That is a sanctuary, and I can hear a soft chime of bells sounding in it.”

Silence had fallen over the company, in which they were slowly finishing the rural breakfast, when a low rumble coming up from the river valley awakened the guide Charley.

“Qveek! qveek!” shouted he, in his half French-Chippewa accents of English, as he flung his arms around wildly. “Boat is dere, efrysing is ready. Who’s goin’? Get ready qveek, whoefer is goin’.”

“Oh!” exclaimed my wife, “We are to go trouting and shoot the rapids, sure enough. Who’s going?”

“You go.” “No, you go,” made a universal clamor in the camp. Mr. Carlisle and the Senator exchanged a few words, when the former called out:

“Hello, guide, how many can you take?”

“One gentlemans and two lady,” answered Charley.

“Mrs. Daly,” said Mr. Carlisle, “yourself and Charles and Madge will go. No more words about it. Cook, how about lunch for them?”

By this time the long dull-red ore train had slowed up, and the guide was putting the sections of his boat into an ore-car, when out of the caboose rushed Mike, holding up three bottles in one hand and a basket in the other.

“Bedad, this’ll wet yer whistles, me purty birrds. I knowed that darn nagur ’ud forgit the atin, more be the token it’s his bizness till attend till it. But here it is all riddy. All aboard!” and he swung his bottles as a conductor swings his lantern.

Mike had stopped and boarded the train as it passed the switch where the Pullman was standing. The party were quickly in the caboose and the train disappeared around the curve.

“Now, boys,” said the Senator, “I move that we see what a variety of game we can have for dinner. Jim, take your rod and shotgun and go over to the lake. By a curious freak of nature there are Mackinaw trout in that lake. Take heavy sinkers and go for them in forty feet of water, and bring in some wood-duck. Carlisle, you and I will take the little 22 rifles and go after small game.”

By two o’clock we were back. I had Mackinaw trout, green bass, one large bass, four wood-duck, two butter-ball duck, and one mud-hen. The old gentleman had one wild pigeon, five wood partridges, two strings of squirrels, and a saddle of porcupine—just for variety! This, with the venison and the trout that were to come, would make ten different kinds of fish and game taken in the bountiful wilderness. The cook brought in a pailful of beautiful whortleberries and some wintergreen.

We had partaken of a light lunch and were sitting smoking when a shrill voice came up from the river;

“Jim! Oh, Jim!”

It was the voice of my charmer in distress.

“Oh, Jim! come quick!”

I dashed down my cigar, sent the camp-stool flying, and went down that hillside about fifteen feet at a bound. There was the boat, and Charley, the guide, was tying her fast to a tamarack. There was the wife of my bosom sitting on a big boulder, her drapery not

Floating like light clouds between us and heaven,
but sticking as closely to her as the tresses of a mermaid stick to her back as she sits on a coral reef. Madge was sitting in the boat wet as Aphrodite. Charles—well, when he walked there was a “squish, squish” in his boots.

“Jim,” said my sweet wife, “we’re nearly all drowned, and though perhaps I could walk in these clothes a little, it would be nearly impossible; so, Jim, please carry me into camp.”

Charles Carlisle looked hungrily at Madge, but she did not return the silent observation.

“Where’s my beautiful tackle-box, Cassie,” I inquired, “and the rods and things?”

“Gone! Didn’t you see them come spinning down the river? The last I saw of them they were going into the first rapids up above where we are now. Gone, everything gone, except”—and here she smacked her lips—“except our lovely lunch, and thank Providence, we had eaten that!”

“Ah, mon Dieu, all our beautiful trouts is gone!” sang out the guide Charley.

“Trouts!” I said. “You old dunderhead, you have nearly lost me my wife, and quite lost me fifty dollars’ worth of tackle. I say trouts!”

I picked Cassie up and started for the bluff.

“No, no, thank you; I can walk,” came in very emphatic tones from behind.

“Wait, Jim,” whispered Cassie. “Stop, and let’s see the fun.”

I sat down on a log facing the river with Cassie on my knees. Charles lent Madge a hand, and by keeping both feet together she managed to spring ashore, but the first attempt to step was a failure, and she would have fallen had not Carlisle, the lucky unlucky, saved her by a prompt encircling arm.

“Nonsense, Madge!” he exclaimed. “I will carry you”; and he lifted her partly above his shoulder in such a way that the instinct of self-preservation from another fall brought her arm quickly about his neck.

Cassie screamed with laughter, and then, "Good for you, Charlie Carlisle!" she exclaimed. "You are a true man, every inch of you. Here I had to ask you,



CAPITAL AT MADISON, WISCONSIN.

old Jim, to carry me, and just see there at Charlie. He made Madge let him carry her," and Cassie pulled my ear, but slyly imprinted a Brule River damp kiss on my neck. "Dear Jim," she said; "I was sure we were lost, and I never

expected to see you in this world again, dear," and I felt something warm trickling down my neck.

"Never mind, Cassie. It's all over now, and you are safe in your Jim's arms. But how did it happen?"

"You called the guide a dunderhead, and that's just what he is. Why, the fellow was gawking around, and let us drift under a tree that lay along and not more than two feet above the water, just above the middle rapids; and of course the boat went over quick as a flash."

"Well?"

"And then Charlie Carlisle got Madge and I good holds on the tree and helped us climb onto it. I don't know how he did it, because I did not see anything but bubbles and flashes till I found myself safe, and Madge safe, too. The guide hung on to his old boat, and stopped it on some rocks, and baled it out with his hat, and then brought it back to us. But, oh, Jim! that is the most beautiful trip in the world—perfectly charming all the way down."

In half an hour the party were warm and dry in fresh outfits, and partaking of every variety of the bounties of the forest, excepting the *creme-de-la-creme*—trout wrapped in wet leaves and baked in the ashes.

Young Carlisle was abstracted and silent that evening, but there was a light in his eye which showed that a bright and mightily pleasant flame was sparkling within. He sat on some dry bark, with his back against a tree, and the jack-lantern beside him on a camp-stool. It afterward appeared that he was inditing a dialogue between

THE POET AND THE WHITE-BREASTED SPARROW.

THE POET . Sweet sprite of the forest, unseen
 'Mid its canopies somber and green,
 Art thou Love that is baffled and crossed?
 Is the cry that we hear,
 So plaintive and clear,
 Sweet Love in the wilderness lost?
 Ah me—me—me !

THE SPARROW: And dost thou not know, my sweet swain,
 That Love's the twin brother of Pain,
 And reaches the heart through a wound?
 I'm not Love that is crossed,
 I'm not Love that is lost,
 I am Love in the wilderness found.
 Ah me—me—me !

THE LITTLE BLIND GOD ON RAILS.

THE POET : Aphrodite was born of the sea,
 And so it has happened for me ;
 My white lily bloomed on the tide—
 Her sweet-breathed charms
 Floated up to my arms—
 Fate must have decreed her my bride.
 Blest me—me—me !

THE SPARROW : But nymphs who are born of the sea
 You know are capricious and free,
 And sometimes defiant of Fate.
 Remember, sweet swain,
 Like Rapture and Pain,
 That Love's the twin brother of Hate.
 Ah me—me—me !

THE POET ; Sad sprite of the forest, thy song
 Is omen of pitiless wrong,
 And sweetly bemoaneth my fate.
 Too oft as with you,
 The false wins the true—
 Love's arrows are stolen by Hate.
 Ah me—me—me !

The moon, which had been looking down through the trees, checkering the ground with flakes of white light, slowly disappeared below the hills. Charles Carlisle folded up his poem and gave it to Cassie "as a little memento of the Brule camp." The guide piled the camp-fire with dry cedar till the flames rose high. The Senator went into his tent, came out, and walked away into the darkness. In a few moments a slender spire of flame was seen rising rapidly on the hillside an hundred yards or more away. Almost before one could tell it there was a tree of fire fully an hundred feet high—a tree of fire complete, trunk, branches, twigs, and foliage. A shower of flakes of fire fell from it to the ground, as if the fire-tree were shedding its fiery leaves. While exclamations of surprise, wonder, and delight were rising quick and voluminous in camp, the splendid spectre disappeared almost as quickly as it came.

"That is the Senator's work," I said. "He always does it, and he will keep it up as long as he can find suitable trees."

"And that is 'firing the black birch,' is it, Jim ? I have heard you speak of it, but had no idea it was so splendid; but it is too bad to kill such beautiful trees for a moment's pleasure."

"Not at all, Cassie. It does not harm them a particle. Notice this small one here by the camp-fire. You see that it is covered all over with little curls of dry

bark, small and thin. They are the most inflammable substance in the woods. They burn so quickly and for such a brief moment that the living bark of the tree is scarcely warmed by the flame. There goes another ! ”

“ Who would have imagined that there was so much of romance and beauty in these dark forests ? ” said Madge. “ I shall remember them as red-letter days as long as I live. ”

Cassie was softly and unconsciously humming a tune.

“ Sing it, ” said Mr. Carlisle. Cassie did not pause, but increased the volume of her powerful and sweet voice in that weird old song of Tom Moore’s,

“ They made her grave too cold and damp
For a heart so young and true,
And she’s gone to the lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by her firefly lamp,
She paddles her light canoe. ”

At the conclusion of the stanza the Senator’s strong baritone was heard far away on the top of the hill:

“ And her firefly lamp I soon shall see
And her paddle I soon shall hear;
Long and loving our life shall be,
And I’ll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
When the footstep of Death is near ! ”

And so the evening drifted away. The dream-life of the camp was ended. There was early rising and packing of our effects the next morning, and we left the guide Charley’s tents standing, when the morning ore-train signaled in the distance. The Pullman came coupled on behind the caboose for our return to the main line.

Indian Edward came down and bade us good-by, and as the train pulled out he said:

“ Next time Jim get a shot. You get um—I only foolin’ . ”

He stood in the middle of the track until he seemed a mere spot of black, and there we last saw him as the train turned a curve.

We reached Powers station on the main line, in time to connect with the express, and were soon plunging along, with no rest in view until we reached Marquette.

The Senator sat thoughtfully looking out the window as we sped through the forests, when turning he said suddenly :



THE RESCUE.

“Jim, you have heard me speak of my old guide, Maginnis, have you not? Well, the old fellow is dead, and I have some memoranda among my papers about him, the materials for a good story.” The Senator arose, went to his room and returned with the memoranda in his hands. Closing his eyes in silence for a time, he thus gave us the story of

“OLE MAGINNIS.”

The old man sat by the large open fireplace, with a long hickory stick in his hand, with which he gave the logs a vigorous punch every few minutes, as if to give a special emphasis to his thoughts. The fire spluttered and sent its myriads of sparks up the wide, open chimney. An interior view of the cabin showed a room of no mean dimensions; the floor was of puncheon, bare, except as a skin of bear or otter was thrown carelessly here and there. Two of these nearest the fire were occupied by two large hounds, an old one and a full-grown young one, which were dozing peacefully, with their large heads resting on their paws. Over the fireplace was quite an assortment of antlers, some of recent date, and others browned by age and smoke. An open cupboard was placed next to the wall on one side, with a few porcelain dishes of different patterns and designs, cracked and chipped; an array of tin-ware and iron-ware placed on the lower shelves in order; everything was scrupulously clean and neat. A series of shelves in one corner held quite a number of books. A man's library, large or small, is a true indicator of his mind. Here was a well-worn copy of Professor Wilson's "Lights and Shadows," Walton's "Angler," the "Scottish Chiefs," "Pilgrim's Progress," a volume of Spurgeon, a "Life of Captain Smith," the hero saved by Pocahontas. A book that was not fresh from nature, either in light literature or religion, had no charms for "Ole Maginnis," and for that reason, if there was no higher, the large Bible on the shelf over the fireplace was well worn. In the corner nearest the fire was a bed built of springy poles into the wall, and covered with hemlock boughs, which threw out a branch here and there from under a heavy blanket. Rolled up at the foot of the bed was a large robe made of wolf-skins. The pillow was covered with a muslin pillow-case, with not a wrinkle in its surface, and dazzlingly white. At various places on the walls were hung snowshoes, clothing, and steel traps. In what intermediate places were left, were pictures cut from illustrated newspapers and magazines. From the ceiling-rafters of huge

logs, hung strings of jerked venison, a ham or two, some bacon, and from innumerable nails, driven as close as practicable, hung shingles cut wedge shape, over which were drawn skins of the mink, otter, beaver, and muskrat. Several bales of dry skins were also stored away in one corner. Two or three rifles of modern pattern hung around the room, while directly in front of the old man, resting against the chimney, was an old muzzle-loading weapon of large calibre, with a barrel fully a yard long. The stock extended underneath the barrel nearly to the muzzle, and was ornamented with silver-plated bands at regular intervals. A silver patch-box, highly ornamented, was set in one side of the stock. The shoulder-plate was an odd pattern, with the arms extended longer than necessary. The old man would occasionally glance at it with an approving look. His hair was white as snow, and hung in profusion around his neck and over his shoulders. His face, smoothly shaven, had a very kind expression, and from beneath heavy eyebrows a pair of twinkling eyes shone with the lustre of youth. He was dressed in a neat-fitting suit of buckskin, the coat long and held tight to his figure by a belt, in which a short hunting-knife was placed. A powder-horn hung gracefully under his left arm. His leggins were of buckskin, tight-fitting, and fringed at the sides, while his feet were covered with fancifully-designed moccasins.

He suddenly arose from his chair, and going to the window, looked out and said:

“Well, Tige and Prince, this is kinder bad weather to be trampin’ ’round in, but I guess we’d better be gotten out and down to the camp. I’m out of some things; an’ do you know, Tige, we’d better git a little fresh meat for a Christmas present fer the ole man that comes up every fall huntin’. Wouldn’t he like a piece of young buck powerful now,” he said to himself; and then, addressing the dogs again: “There was a fresh fall of snow las’ night, pups, an’ you ain’t had a run fer some days; if you don’ take a little exercise ’casionally, you’ll begin to stiffen a little in the legs, like the ole man. Do ye want to go?”

The dogs, at his first word to them, had raised upon their haunches and were looking directly at him, as if they understood every word he said, and at his last question they jumped and fawned on him with every expression of delight.

Throwing his bullet-pouch over his shoulders, he grasped the huge rifle like a plaything, threw it across his arm and went out, followed by the dogs, closing the heavy, barred door behind him. Leaning against the cabin was a large toboggan; he shook the snow from it, grasped the rope handle, and with a stride

that kept the dogs on the trot, went away over the hill back of the cabin, then down through a hemlock swamp, and finally reached a long hardwood ridge, a mile, perhaps, back of his home. He stopped suddenly on reaching the centre of the ridge, and said :

“Now, pups, you see this? You bin on that track afore—yes, you ought to know it, Tige; that was the buck that gin you such a toss las’ fall.”

The old dog danced nervously around in the snow with the hair raised on her back as he spoke, while the pup stood watching the old dog, seemingly waiting for directions.

The old man continued :

“Now, Tige, you take the pup and go ‘long steady-like—don’t you run away from him; he aint as old an’ got the go in him like we have, you know—and foller the buck. I’m thinkin’ by the way the track runs, you’ll find him down at the old dam or near there. Circle him back over the barrens, and don’t chase him too fast; an’ when he gits back here I’ll be here with the old gun. You go ahead an’ commence yer singin’ as soon as ye see him.”

The dogs, with that wonderful perception and instinct that had been attained through their long companionship with the old man, at the word of command started off on a slow canter; the old dog keeping the trail with head down, while the pup ran alongside and slightly behind, watching every movement of the old one.

After their departure Maginnis leaned his rifle and toboggan against a tree and made a short reconnoitre, and finally came back and moved his position a few rods further north to the foot of a steep incline, a high continuation of the ridge he was already on. The forests were asleep and there was not so much as a sigh of the wind to disturb their slumber. The giant pines wore crowns of snow on their dark crests. The white birch had lost its sheen by contrast. The little curls of bark on the black birch each held up a miniature tumulus of snow. Silent as a picture in white and black, and yet with dazzling contrasts of white, black, and green.

After a lapse of probably twenty minutes, a long, low, penetrating sound, resembling the noise produced by a conchshell, sounded through the recesses of the forest and reverberated over the hills. A second later the short “yip” of the pup was heard. The baying of the old dog, after the first sound from her, was continued at intervals, at times dying down to almost inaudibility as she went further away or down into some depression or valley.

At the first sound from the dogs, the old man picked up his rifle and stepped forward a few paces near the trunk of an immense pine tree. The view he had from this place gave him a survey of the whole sidehill, broken only by the immense pines and maples. The expression on his face as the "singing" from the dogs was heard betokened intense excitement; his eyes fairly danced with pleasure, his gun was grasped firmly in his hands, and he stood so quiet in his tracks that not the slightest motion could be detected. Occasionally he would ejaculate to himself:

'Isn't that music! Down they go; now they're on Section 19. What's the matter with the pup? Ole dog mus' be goin' too fas' fer him; no, that's him agin.'

The hounds now seemed to have the deer turned and on the back track. The baying grew louder and louder, while the "yip" of the pup kept time to the bassoon of his leader. The dogs were now on the opposite ridge, some four or five hundred yards away, following close to the deer. Suddenly the sharp ring of a rifle was heard from that quarter, which caused the old man to frown and say:

"That's one of ole Busky's boys. I know it by the whanging of the gun. They're too lazy to git their own meat, but are takin' an' ole man's. If he killed that deer, I'm goin' over to git him; I aint goin' to be beat out——"

After the shot was fired, the dogs for an instant stopped baying, but before the old man could finish his sentence they commenced again, more furious than ever, and seemingly headed for the ridge. As the old man noticed this, the look of anger left his face, and he assumed the same expression as before.

"Might 'a' knowed he'd 'a' missed him," he whispered to himself.

On the dogs came, closer and closer, but entirely hidden by the foliage. All at once the low hemlock boughs parted, and an enormous buck, with his antlers well laid back, came into view. As he plunged along the sidehill, totally unconscious of any further danger, the old man brought his long rifle up, and, steadying it only a moment to catch the motion of the deer, fired. The buck fell, got up again, wavered a moment, and then fell helpless.

"There is a Christmas dinner fit fer a king," said the old man, as he brought the gun down and began loading it.

The dogs burst into view, but kept at a respectful distance from the fallen deer until old Maginnis came up and bled the animal.

"Well done, pups," he said, patting them caressingly. "An' you, ole dog, are as good as ever, aint ye? How did the pup do? He did well, didn't he? He

kep' up, anyhow. An' didn't I make a good shot? See there! right through the fore shoulder. The ole man thought he might be losin' his grip, an' that his ole eyes were goin' back on him, but they aint. I looked down the ole barrel like I did when I was a boy, an' I confess, a might steadier, too." This he said with a self-satisfied air as he proceeded to dress the deer as it lay.

A low growl from the dog caused him to look up from his work, to see approaching him a young man, heavily built, carrying a repeating rifle over his



ON CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN LINE,
NEAR MERRIMAC, WISCONSIN.

shoulder. He was dressed in the costume usually worn by lumbermen—a flannel shirt, with a Mackinaw blanket jacket, heavy red woolen stockings, into which his pants were tucked, and heavy shoes.

The old man, without making any sign of recognition, proceeded with his work. The young man stood awhile, eyeing the group, and then said:

"Well, pap; you made a pretty good shot. Is he hit anywheres else?"

"Well, he didn't say anything 'bout it as he com' erlong here," said the old man.

"But yer might hunt around, if ye've lost any bullets, an' see if ye can find 'em."

“Seems to me yer gittin’ mighty peart in yer ole days, both in yer langwidge an’ yer shootin’.”

The old man straightened himself up and said :

“Well, you aint in either ! an’ what’s more, what did you shoot at this buck fer ? By all the rules o’ this neck o’ country, this buck was mine—to hit him or to let him go. If ye are wantin’ a little venison, hunt up yer own, an’ not come browsin’ ’round me. You got lots of timber to hunt in without comin’ over to the lakes ; an’ mind ye, I don’t want ye comin’ over this way again.”

“Oh, now, don’t git mad, pap,” said the young man. “I wasn’t takin’ yer meat. I was comin’ over to see you, an’ as I was on top of the ridge, I hearn the dogs, an’ thinks I, there’s pap’s dogs got loose, an’ this ole buck come swingin’ up the ridge, an’ I couldn’t help it, pap, honest, I couldn’t ! But I wasn’t huntin’, anyhow. I was comin’ over to see you and tell you there’s a box over to ‘Camp 10’ for you—come up las’ night on Jim’s team.”

“A box ! What-er kind of a box is it ?” said the old man, forgetting his anger.

“Why, it’s a pine box, like any yuther box, and it’s full of somethin’ and heavy, too ; the boys was wonderin’ what was in it.”

The old man said nothing further, not wishing to betray his curiosity, but worked away dressing the deer. The young man laid down his rifle, and taking out his knife helped him. When they had finished, the old man bound the carcass on the toboggan, and he and the young man grasped the rope and started in the direction of the White River camp. They had not proceeded far when the old man broke the silence by saying :

“Well, now, young man, as you ain’t huntin’, you did gin that buck an’ awful close call ; see here.”

He stepped back to the deer, and holding up an ear showed the young man a bullet hole through the centre of it.

“Well, sure ’nough, pap, but I can’t hold a gun like you—it aint natchu’l that I should. You been huntin’ an’ trappin’ here long before Injin time, wasn’t you ?”

“Well, yes ; but that isn’t it ; it’s the guns. You can shoot mos’ as well as I, but you ain’t got the weepson. Now, I have a lot of them repeatin’ things that was given me, at my place, but they’re no good. I’ve been waitin’ fer a yeller dog to run ’crost these woods to throw mine at—but ole ‘Pennsylvania’ here,

you know what goes in her, and she goes jist where you hold her. I carried this ole thing since '48, an' she never went back on me yet, an' if the porkypines hadn't got at the stock one night, she'd be a beauty too. Why, do you know, Bill, I could kiss this ole gun. When you have a thing 'round you continually for a long time, it becomes one of the family, don't you know? I havn't a livin' kin as I knows on, but this ole gun is kin enough fer me."

As the old man spoke he rubbed the barrel caressingly and patted it, while the tears rolled down his wrinkled face. Without saying anything further, he shouldered his old rifle, and again taking hold of the rope proceeded.

The White River Lumber Company had commenced logging in the country adjacent to the mouth of the river. As soon as the pine was cut off they pushed further up the river, and each fall built a dam to collect the water, so that in the spring there would be sufficient to "drive" the cut of logs for that season.

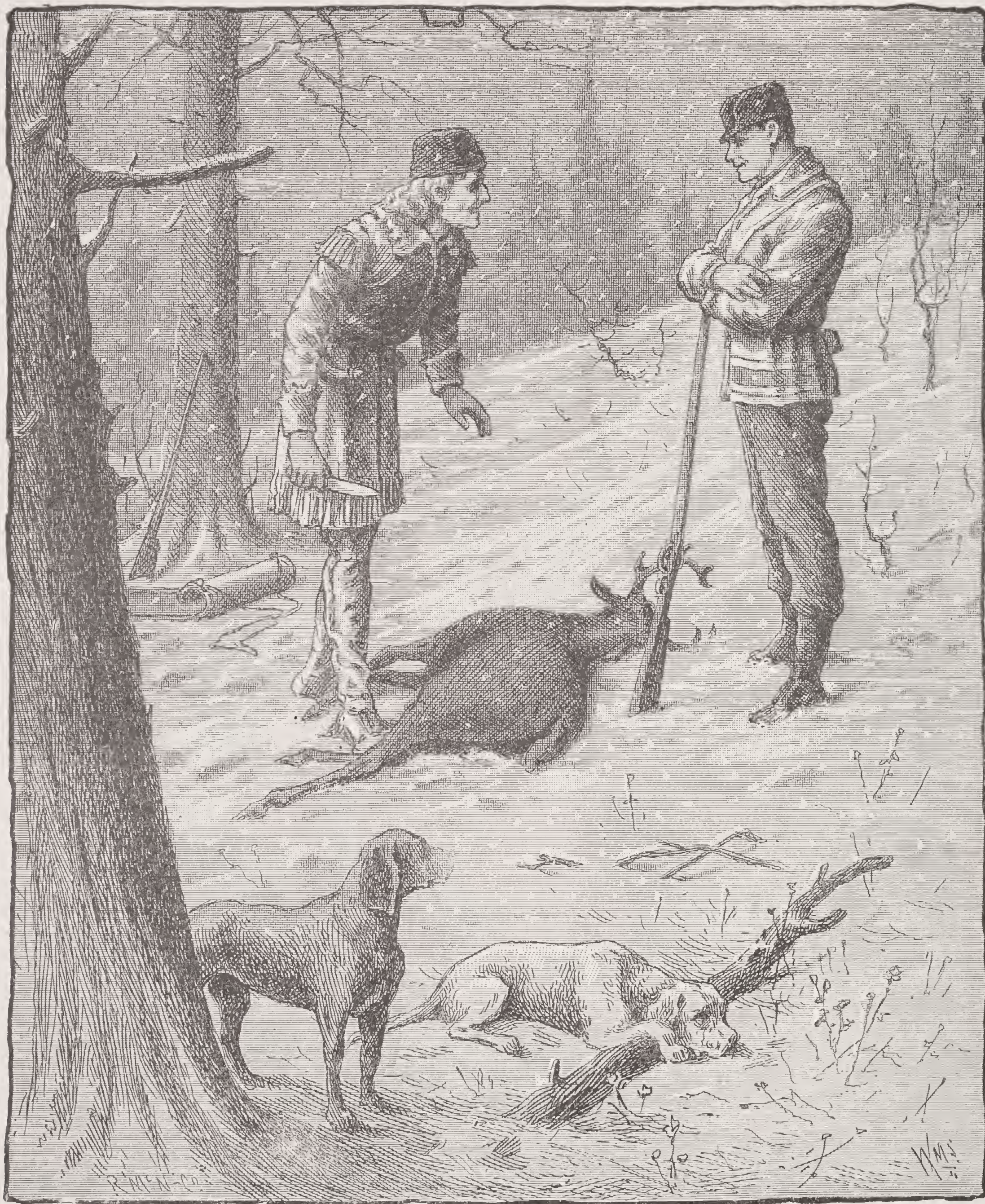
"Camp No. 10," was at this time the last camp of the company. It looked like every preceding camp down the river. The houses, and barns, and blacksmith shop were all built of logs, with dirt thrown half-way up the sides for warmth. The barn was a huge structure, with stalls for forty head of horses and oxen. The bunk-house was next in size, a long, narrow building, with beds built along each side of the walls in tiers of two high. A very large stove was placed in the middle, and rude benches were scattered here and there. The "cook's shanty" adjoined this; this cabin was made with two rooms, the larger, the dining-room, with long tables on each side, and the smaller room was the kitchen proper.

"Old Maginnis," or "Pap," as he was called throughout the country, was well known at "Camp 10," and though reticent and uneasy when he was in any company, he would often call on the cook during the day, and over a cup of tea would learn the news from the outside world as it was brought to the mill by Jim, the teamster, or through the medium of a newspaper, which occasionally found its way thither.

When he arrived with his load of game he was met at the door of the shanty by the cook, who, on perceiving the deer, said:

"Just the thing, pap. I've been wantin' some fresh meat for a Christmas dinner. Now the boys will be tickled!"

"Well, hole on now. You don' get any of this un," said the old man. "This is fer a Christmas present to the ole man Cary what stopped with me a month last fall, an' I want to put my mark on him, an' have Jim take him down



' WELL, PAP, YOU MADE A PRETTY GOOD SHOT.'

on his waggin in the mornin' an' put him on the train. But here's Busky; he kin git ye a carcass, can't ye, Bill? That is, he kin if shootin' 'em through the ears will fetch 'em, an' that don't spoil the meat neither; does it, Bill?" With a dry chuckle the old man stepped inside, while Bill, somewhat disconcerted at the old man's raillery, joined a group near the blacksmith shop.

The cook bustled around the kitchen, pleased with the chance of entertaining the old man, and while he was sipping his tea, regaled him with all the choice bits of news that had been collecting for a week.

"Pap; by the way, there's a box in the bunk-house fer you; you'd better be gittin' it open, an' have some of the boys help you pack it home. What have you been gittin'?"

"Oh, it's most likely some traps I ordered o' the ole man Cary, that's just gittin' here, but I won't open it; I'll strap it on my sled and pull it home."

The box was brought out, the deer unloaded and hung up to freeze, and the heavy box placed on the toboggan and fastened securely with a few ingenious twists and knots, and purchasing what few things he desired, he bade them all good-by, and calling the pups, was soon lost sight of, dragging the box slowly over the snow among the trees.

A few days later a letter arrived for "Mr. Pap Maginnis," with the imprint of "Cary & Co., Importers," in the corner of the envelope. The next day being Christmas, the cook took occasion to deliver the letter, also carrying with him, as a Christmas present to the old man, some choice bits of his cookery. He reached the cabin, and, without knocking, opened the door. There sat the old man in his chair, with a large book in his lap, while in his hands were held a baby's mittens and hood of finest texture, but yellowed with age. The box was open, and its contents of groceries, flannels, blankets, shoes, shawls, tobacco, books, and other things, were piled around it. The fire had gone out, and the dogs were shivering in one corner.

To the cook's salutation the old man made no response. A closer inspection showed that the old man was dead. On his lap lay his large Bible, opened to a record sheet on which was written in a faded, cramped hand:

"Departed this life, June 26, 1840, Mary Jane, the beloved wife of James Maginnis, in the 25th year of her age. 'Blessed are they who die in the Lord.'"

"Died, December 24, 1840, Mary, only child of James Maginnis, aged six years. 'The Lord chasteneth.'"

On the floor at his feet was a little note in a feminine hand, which read :

DECEMBER, 22, 188 .

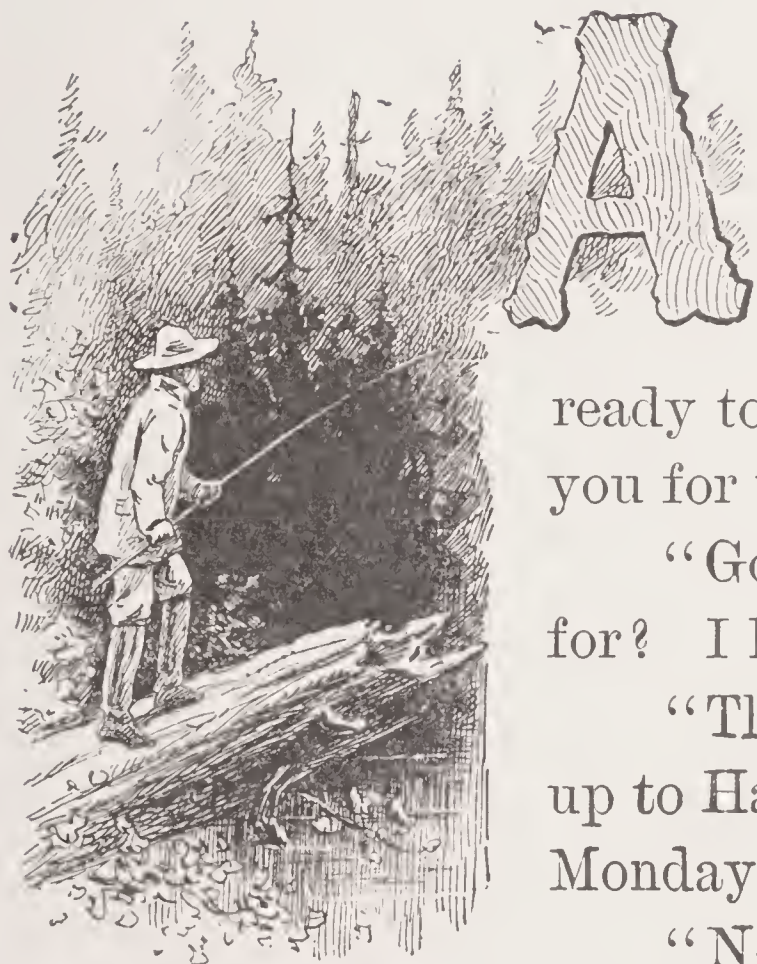
DEAR PAP MAGINNIS: Papa was so busy he desired me to get ready what I thought would be nice and send them to you for a Christmas present. I am Mr. Cary's daughter. I got some nice warm things for Mrs. Maginnis and the children. Papa did not say anything about them, but then he is so busy and cannot remember everything. We wish you all a merry Christmas.

Your friend,

MARY CARY.

The allusion to his wife and children had touched a long silent chord in the old man's heart, and while examining the box he had found the note, and had at once taken down his Bible and turned to the record, where the little baby mittens and hood had lain for years, and while looking at them fell asleep.

CHAPTER IV.



AT two o'clock the same day, and just as we had finished dinner, we reached Marquette, on Lake Superior. Mr. Carlisle stepped out on the platform where the Senator was standing, and said: "This is as far as we go, Senator. We must get ready to leave you. In fact, I hardly know how to thank you for your kindness."

"Go!" said the Senator. "Is this the place you started for? I had forgotten it."

"This is the place," Carlisle continued; "I must get on up to Hancock for a day, and then return here and finish up Monday."

"Now, let me suggest," said the Senator; "you do what business you have here to-day, and go with us up to Hancock. We go there the early part of the week. I have a nice trip planned for a day or so from here to the Pictured Rocks. You must not think of leaving us. I refer to both you and your son."

This plan was agreed upon, much to Charles' delight.

After the car had been side-tracked, Mr. Carlisle and Charles left to transact what business they had on hand.

"Daughter, come on! I want you to put on a warm dress and go for a fish. And you, too, Mrs. Snowden; will you not go?" called out the Senator.

"No fishing for me, Senator Hanna! It was you that made all that commotion and trouble at Brule River. No, thank, you"; and Mrs. Snowden shook her fan threateningly at the Senator.

"Can not James go along, papa?" Cassie asked.

"No; just you and I. The fact is, Jim will do all the fishing if he goes along, and besides, I have commissioned him to make arrangements for a tug

to meet us at Grand Island. I think he has gone now; so hurry up and get ready. I wired for a boat and man, and they must be waiting for us."

Just then the boatman appeared at the car, and, addressing the Senator, said:

"If this is Mr. Hanna, I have my boat waiting, and am ready. You will have some rare sport, sir; some fine trout have been caught this week."

A carriage was called and Cassie and the Senator drove off. We all met again at supper. The Senator and Cassie were successful trout fishers, as a temptingly cooked dish before us testified.

Dr. Snowden had gone for our mail and returned with something for each of us. Among the letters was one from Senator Blank, of Waukesha, saying:

"I send you by this mail a copy of the *Waukesha Gazette* of this week, containing an odd item about the Duke of Connaught, who was reported to have been here some days ago in his special car, the 'Davy Crocket.' As that is the name of your car, if I remember rightly, it is probably only a newspaper joke on you. I do not understand it, but send it to you for what there is in it."

The paper referred to was found, and the Senator opened it and read as follows:

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

(*Waukesha Gazette.*)

On Thursday last Waukesha was visited by one of the most distinguished men of the British Empire, being none other than his highness the Duke of Connaught, the Queen's ambassador to Ireland. The duke is traveling in his private car, the "Davy Crocket," with his suite. They drove over the city Thursday p. m., visiting the springs, and in the evening attended the reception at the ——— House. It was not known until a late hour that the distinguished party were present, and when they found they were attracting too much attention, they quietly withdrew. To our reporter, who called on the duke in his private car, he said he was averse to being interviewed, but that since his arrival in the United States he must confess that his opposition had been useless. He is merely traveling in pursuit of rest from his arduous duties, and is very enthusiastic over what he terms our Western Empire, and had he not been traveling incognito, would have been pleased to meet many of his warm friends in this country. The duke spoke in glowing terms of our beautiful city. His highness is a man of medium stature, smooth-shaven, a man of rare intelligence and aptitude, and he is a good liver. His board is filled with plentitude of the rare vintages of this and his native land. His cigars are the best. May his journey be a happy one and his return a matter of short duration.

When the Senator had finished he looked at us all with a puzzled expression, and we in turn looked at each other.

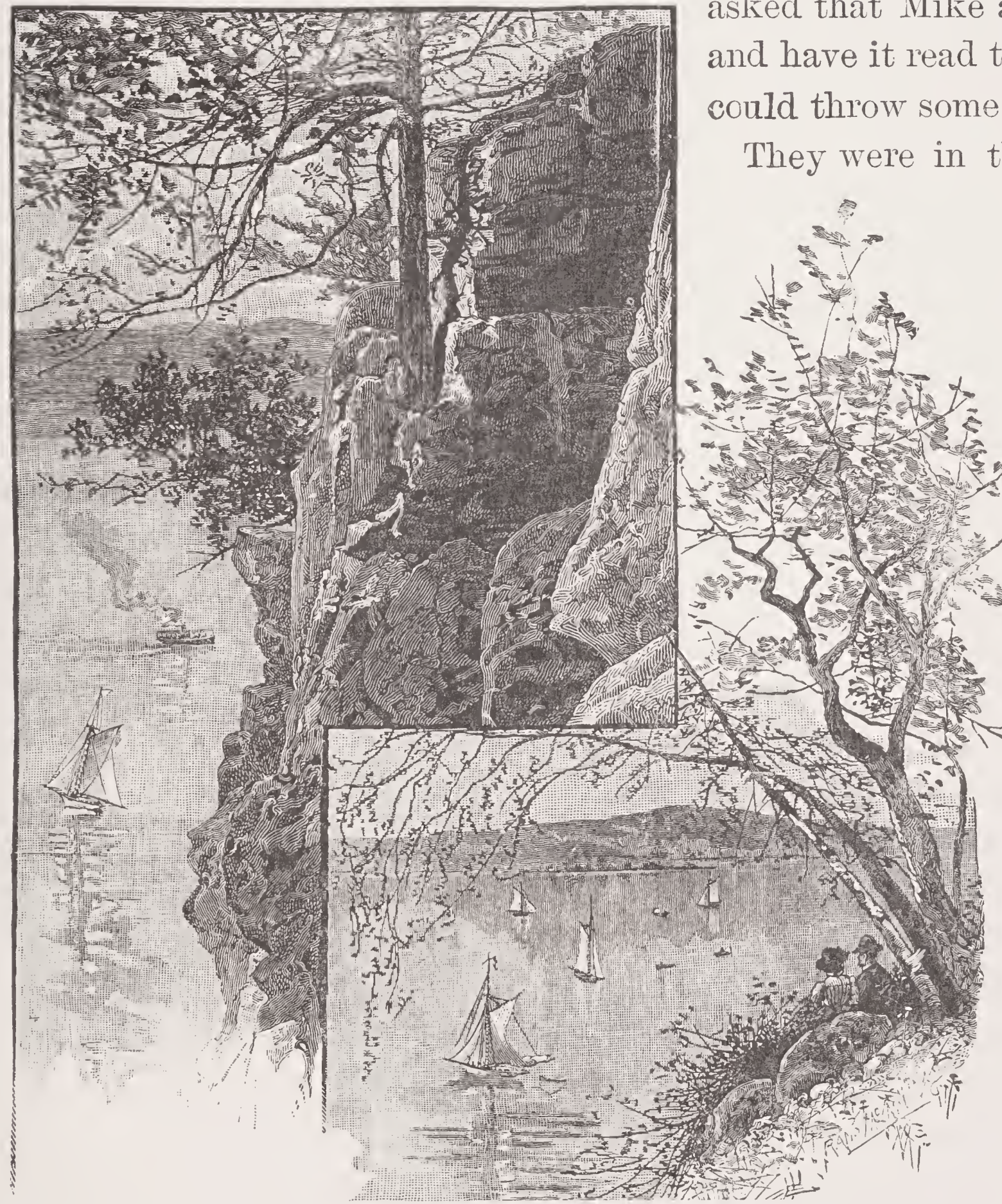
"That is just some newspaper yarn, to fill out a column on going to press," Charles said.

I replied I thought there was more in it than appeared on the surface, and

asked that Mike and Sam be called in and have it read to them; perhaps they could throw some light on the matter.

They were in the dining-room clearing away the supper dishes. They came in with a frightened look on their faces, expecting, I suppose, something relating to the matter had turned up.

The Senator said: "Boys, do you know anything about this?" and commenced reading the article. When he reached the line: "Being none other than his highness the Duke of Connaught," Sam, unable to longer retain his equilibrium, broke into an almost uncontrollable



DEVIL'S LAKE, WISCONSIN.

fit of laughter. He doubled up and threw his arms over his head, and leaning against a partition ejaculated, as he could catch his breath:

"Oh Lordy—dat Irish—he's too much—de juke—juke!"

Mike, in the meantime, hung his head and acted extremely embarrassed. The

Senator continued reading, but was interrupted incessantly by bursts of merriment from Sam. When he had finished, the Senator said :

“Mike, you boys know about this. What was it?”

“Oi wuz only givin’ the repourther av wan av thim noospapers a artickle”—but nothing more would he say.

When Sam was able to give us an account of it, and went through the motions of Mike in ushering the reporter in, and his efforts at hospitality, we laughed heartily. The boys were dismissed by the Senator, with instructions to behave themselves in future.

The Sabbath was spent quietly. The party attended the Presbyterian church in the morning. In the afternoon we took a walk over this beautiful city, while Charles and Madge rowed down to Presque Isle. Monday morning we were transferred to the D., M. & M. line and started east behind the regular train.

The ride was a picturesque and pleasant one. Glimpses of the lake on the north were obtained now and then, and the air was deliciously cool. We side-tracked at a little station in the woods, and spent the rest of the day in short excursions in different directions from the car. We retired early that night. Very early next morning a man appeared with several spring wagons, and after Sam had prepared two large hampers of provisions, the party left the car and took the wagons north to Munising, on Lake Superior, opposite Grand Island. Here we embarked on the tug we had ordered down from Marquette, and started east along the south shore to the Pictured Rocks. Every foot of this locality has been described so many times and so often sketched, that the wonder is that it does not show its effects on the rocks. We enjoyed the day immensely. We did not go the whole length of this part of the shore, but gauged our distance so that we could return to Munising by nightfall. We did not reach the car until late that night, and were so tired that all hands went to bed soon after arrival. We were taken aboard the up train some time that night and returned to Marquette. In the morning, after some delay, we were transferred to the Marquette, Houghton & Ontonagon R. R., and were soon on our journey again for Hancock.

When the train reached L’Anse, and was halted a little beyond the regular stop to fix something that had gone wrong with the engine, Charles and Madge stepped out on the platform for a promenade. They had gone several lengths of the platform when a party of several ladies and gentlemen drove hurriedly up to

the depot. One of the gentlemen, on perceiving Miss Blount, came quickly to her and exclaimed :

“Why, Madge Blount ! Where on earth did you come from ? Why, I am delighted to see you.” Miss Blount blushed slightly, shook hands with him cordially and introduced him as Mr. Dennis, of Atlanta.

“I heard you were coming north, Charlie, with your sister and some friends; but I never expected to see you in this out-of-the-way place. Why, there is your sister !”

The two girls embraced each other cordially, and the rest of Mr. Dennis' friends came up and were introduced all around. Their party consisted, besides Mr. Charles Dennis and his sister, of Mr. and Mrs. Graham and a Miss Putney, of Savannah. To inquiries, it was learned that Mr. Dennis' party were bound for Houghton, thence through Wisconsin on a fishing trip, and after that, away west.

Senator Hanna, who had been seated in the car through all the commotion the young people were causing, now came out and said :

“Well, Miss Blount, you seem to be having a merry time.”

Miss Blount said: “Friends, I want to introduce you all to Senator Hanna, one of the dearest men in the world.”

The Senator colored slightly at Madge's volubility, but warmly greeted all the new friends.

The train was delayed for some reason for which no one cared enough about to ask. After a time the Senator appeared and invited them to lunch, and they accepted. The table had to be lengthened out and a side-table set to accommodate the new arrivals.

When the party were all seated it was found that Mr. Dennis and Madge were unprovided with seats at the long table, noticing which, Madge said:

“Come over here, Mr. Dennis ! They will not have us with them. We will have a private table to ourselves.”

Whatever young Carlisle thought of Miss Blount's new friends, he did not like the cordiality and familiarity between Mr. Dennis and Madge. And though seated beside Miss Dennis at the large table, and being as sociable as possible, he could not refrain from glancing over in the direction of the small table occasionally and noting the subdued conversation carried on, and the evident pleasure Madge expressed in meeting him.

When dinner was finished and the tables were being cleared away the Senator spoke to Mr. Dennis and inquired how he happened to stop at such an unpromising burgh as L'Anse.

Dennis seemed in high spirits over the reception accorded to him by Madge, and yet he sought to suppress too full an acknowledgment of his happiness in his face. He replied :

“This is a dead old village, but it has what few of the mining and forest towns of this region have—its romance. We heard there was good trouting in this neighborhood—in fact, you can catch them right there off the bridge—and we stopped to try it. We took a team and drove around the head of the bay some ten miles, to a beautiful little stream that falls out of the hills into the lake, and soon filled our baskets. Now look across the bay, please, and you will see a clump of buildings. That is a convent. Its history goes almost back to the days of Marquette, and as we drove near to it, it looked ancient enough to be on the shores of Lake Lemman. Those buildings which you see this way along the bluffs are an Indian village. Take your glasses and look into the lake a mile this side of the village—long reaches of gill-nets, and at the end a large net supported by four posts. This last is a fish pound. It is a great sheet of netting forty feet square, let down into the water like a bowl. The Indians put their catches of fish into it to keep them alive until they are ready for market.”

MR. DENNIS' STORY OF L'ANSE.

The question at once arose in my mind why a convent so extensive should have been established in a wilderness place, so far away from any white population as this was when it was built. Its bell rang out over the calm waters and back into the deep forests, where there were none to answer its call to prayer, unless they should be the wild Indians.

“There has been many a broken heart behind those walls,” remarked our teamster—we rode in an open jolt-wagon, behind a pair of farm horses.

“How is that?” I asked.

“Well, sir, there is some mystery about that convent; there most always is about such places, and people make it up out of their imaginations. It is said that it is a refuge or a place of penance for fallen nuns. It may have been so, or it may not; and then the idea was softened somewhat, and it was said that it was a place of refuge from the cruel world for fallen girls; and if it were, sir, I should

think all the more of it. You see, sir, the world hasn't any mercy for those who need it most—nor the church either, for that matter; and so the only place where such could find peace was in the bottom of the river, or out there in the lake. There are two things I'm thinkin' that the world needs most to provide for in these times—shotguns for betrayers, and mercy for the betrayed—where they are women."

The driver drew a horny hand across his face and lapsed into silence. There was more feeling in his tone than in his words, and I perceived that there was a real mystery in his breast, whether there were one in the convent or not. But the subject was changed, and we drove on, and at the end of two hours from the start, forded a clear and beautiful stream.

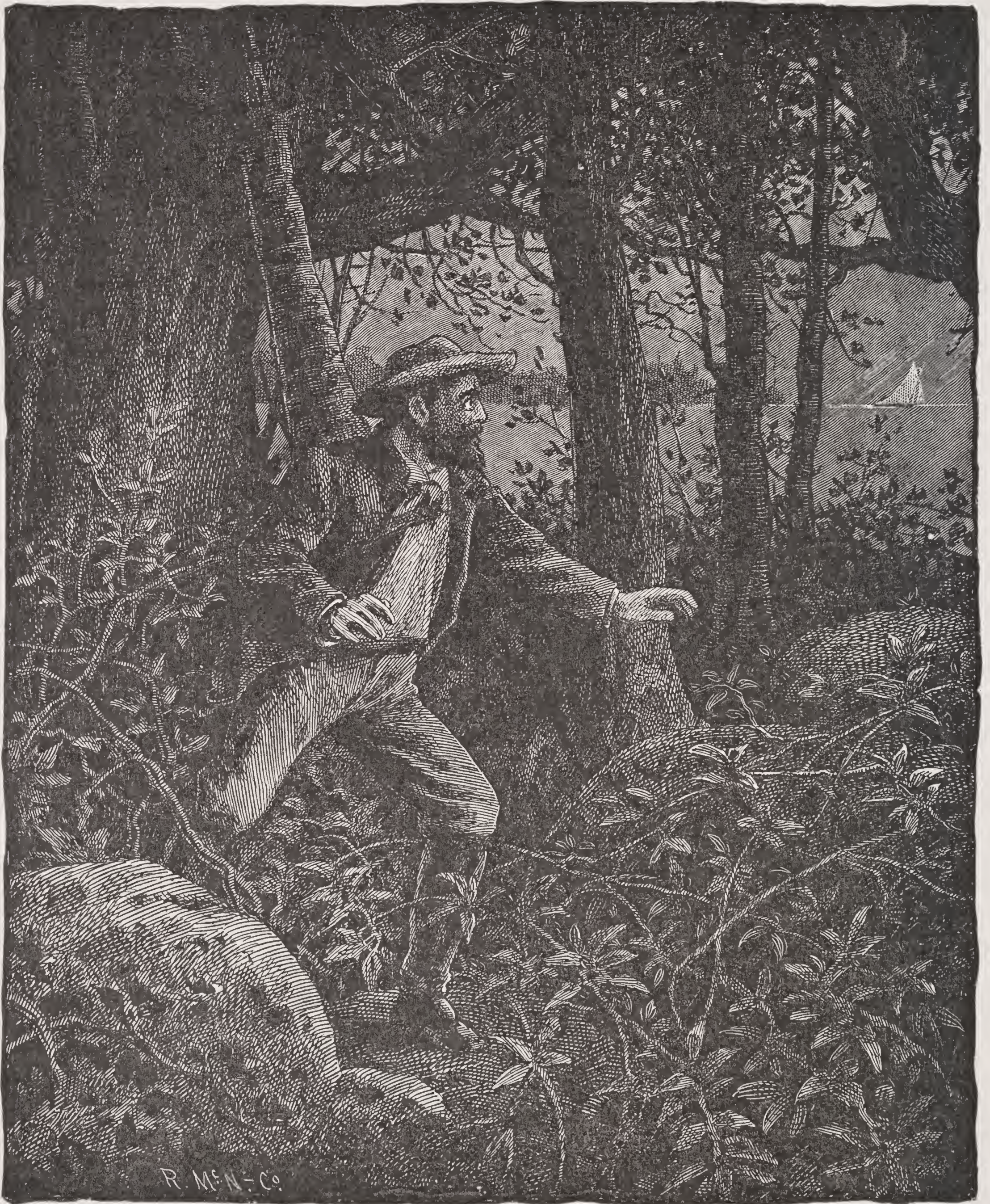
"Here we are," cheerily said the teamster, as he sprang out on a little grassy plateau and proceeded to unharness and tether his horses. The others had put their rods together as we came, and immediately left the wagon and began the sport. Not three minutes had elapsed when there was a shout and Mr. Graham, there, swung out a beautiful three-quarter pounder. But I left my pair of lance-woods in the case and waited till the teamster was ready, when I told him to lead off, and I would follow. He soon struck a trail, which I was glad to see had not been tramped this year, and at the end of a mile and a half I heard that sound so joyful to a trout, the music of a waterfall. I handed him one of my rods, and we soon had them jointed up, and the first fly I sent into the pool was responded to instantly. We kept well out of sight, and in an hour I had as many as I cared to carry. We sat down together on a fallen pine. I looked at him in silence for a time, and he returned my gaze with a glance.

"What was it?" I asked in a low tone.

"What was what?" he responded, with a look of surprise.

"What was it in connection with the convent which gave you such a shudder of painful recollection?"

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, and covered his face with his bent arm, as if he would shut something away from his sight. "I hoped that it would fade out, and that I would feel better, but it don't. My arms ache longing to do something to undo what is done, and my heart aches. Stranger, I had a lovely wife not so very long ago. We rough men of the woods and mines don't get credit for more than what is seen on the outside. But I had sense enough and grace enough to take that dear woman all into my heart, and what you may happen to see in me that pleases



I PLUNGED ALONG THE SHORE IN THE GATHERING TWILIGHT.

you is the impress of my wife's soul and spirit on my mind and heart. But she died. Yes; I will tell you the story. It is good to have human sympathy."

Pausing briefly to consider what was necessary by way of explanation to me, he resumed.

"Have you been up and over the point—over Keweenaw Point—north of the river? No! Well then, you should know that that whole country is strewn with the wrecks of fortunes, fortunes lost in the copper craze. There are villages—good houses—reduction works, machinery, everything abandoned and deserted; good roads, bridges, fills—the whole a total loss. I was in that myself—thought I had struck it rich on a little stream that runs in not far from the light-house above Copper Harbor, and others thought so, too. You see that is on the west, or rather north—for the point bends east—side of the point, about ten miles from the eastern extremity. I put all I had into the company and took charge of the men, built a comfortable pine-log house, and was hopeful and happy. There my wife died, and there she lies buried.

"My Nellie, all that I had left, was just stepping into womanhood. Nellie was beautiful—tall, fair, rosy, soft-eyed, the sweetest disposition, and she dearly loved me. Oh, how often, when I came in soiled from the mine and tired, she came running with a glass of water, or with slippers for my coarse feet, or threw her white arms about my tawny neck. I always knew I was not good enough for the love of such angelic creatures as Nellie and her mother. Oh, Nellie! Nellie!" and he sprang to his feet and extended his arms as if to clasp her, and then lifting them, exclaimed, "Oh, my God, have mercy upon me!"

I was myself affected to tears by this uncontrollable outburst of grief and anguish.

After a time he resumed, as if in a soliloquy:

"Yes; his father was a good man, and is now, though his son was a devil. He palmed a sham marriage off on her. Blind fool that I was! It is I who am to blame.

"I think that Nellie's mind was broken down by grief and weeping, first by his long absence, and worse than all when it came out that he had deceived her by a mock marriage, and would never return. I thought that her little babe would bring back some sunshine into her heart, and it did seem to for a time, and then it seemed to become a constant reminder.

"We had a trim little sailboat, only a good-sized rowboat, but decked in at

each end closely. She had a deep keel, a light, tough mast, good sail and tiller—a safe and beautiful sailer. Her decked-in compartments, fore and aft, were water-tight, and she would float, anyway.

“Now, wife and I were familiar with the country here around the head of Keweenaw Bay, and we used to talk about the old convent in Nellie’s hearing. Wife said that so long as a broken heart was bearable, it was better that it should beat in the convent than lie still at the bottom of the lake.

“Everything went to pieces on Keweenaw about the time my wife died. People were pulling up and moving off; but Nellie and I staid, though there was nothing to stay for except wife’s grave and Nellie’s broken heart. Except the few, here and there one, who remained, as I did, the whole point above the Calumet was abandoned,

“One morning of a June I awoke soon after sunrise and went to call Nellie. She was gone. Baby was gone. I called and called. My heart seemed to be freezing. While rushing about here and there I caught a glimpse of a boat through a rift in the trees a mile out at sea. I knew the sail. It was the *Alice*, and a glass showed me that Nellie was holding the tiller. The wind was from the north, and I soon saw that Nellie was tacking, aiming to make the end of Keweenaw Point. She had been so often out with me in the *Alice* that she could handle the boat as well as I could. About she came, inshore, rising and falling on the long swells, and then off again to the north. I shouted, even though I knew my voice would not reach her, and then rushed forward to reach the point, six miles away. I plunged through thickets, dashed along the bodies of fallen pines, clambered over ledges of rocks, and at last reached the bar at the top of Keweenaw.

“The wind had gone down, leaving Nellie at the end of a northeastern reach which would have brought her clear of the land. I sat and watched the boat, which was two or three miles out, idly rocking on the water. She could have used the oars if she had chosen, but she did not. With my glass I saw her take up the babe and press him to her bosom. What little wind there was drifted her back and further out to sea. Hours of agony passed. By going down on the east coast of Keweenaw seven miles, I could have gotten a boat, but I dreaded to lose sight of her, and I knew that the steamer *Peerless* ought to pass that day between the point and Manitou, and if she did she would pick Nellie up. Beside, I felt sure that Nellie would round the point and come down, probably near shore. So I waited and watched. The *Alice* was a mere speck, far out to the

north, as evening drew on. But I saw the wind strike the glassy water beyond her. It was due north. The white sail filled out. Southeastward she flew. Oh, if she would only tack now and come down before the wind! Though she was three miles or more out I put my hands to my mouth for a trumpet and shouted, 'Steer for the bar, Nellie! Steer for the bar, love! Here I am!'

"At last the boat came about square before the wind, and went like a bird. Due south she went; close along the shore of Manitou she seemed, but she kept right on, and at last tacked again southwest to follow the shore of Keweenaw, then due west. Thank God she was nearing the land! I arose and plunged along the shore in the gathering darkness. I was weak from fasting and grief, and I stumbled and fell often. The last I saw of the *Alice* she was bearing inshore, but it became too dark to see. Fortunately, there was ahead of me a three-mile stretch of sandy beach, and gaining this I ran with all my remaining strength southwestward along the shore, shouting as loud as I could! 'Nellie! Nellie, dear! come to land!'

"About half way along that beach as I ran, I heard baby cry. I stopped and listened. Right out from shore he was, not over a quarter of a mile away.

"'Nellie! Nellie! tack and come straight inshore. Here I am!'

"No reply came back, but as baby kept on crying, I quickly perceived that the boat was keeping on her southwestward course, though she seemed to be nearing land.

"I rose and ran again, following the voice of the crying child as nearly as the water would permit me, and I was able to keep up with it till the end of the sandy beach was reached. Here a bay ran inshore, and the bluffs were dense with pines and fallen timber. I managed to clamber the bluff and reach the cliff at the mouth of the bay, and paused to listen. Nellie's sweet voice singing a lullaby to baby—faint and far, fainter and farther, farther and more distant, and then only the low swash of the waves on the rocks.

"It was not so very dark on the shore, but the moment I entered the forest it became pitchy dark. I must now go due west to get around the bay. I struggled with the underbrush and rocks, and with the dry limbs of fallen trees, on and on, making but little progress. How long this struggle continued I know not. The last I knew of it I had hope quickened in me by seeing a star up in a rift of the pines.

"I was awakened by a crash of thunder and a dash of rain in my face. So

stiff was I and so full of pain that it was a torture to move ; but I recalled the situation and sat up, and found a log to rest my back against. A quivering vibrant flash of lightning showed me the lake below, now rising into angry waves. The crash overhead seemed to go off southward in long, loud mutterings, following the wake of my dears. I prayed, O how I prayed, not for myself, but for my child and her babe. Then I rose, defying the pain, and tried to press forward, but found myself very weak. Fearing that I would go off again into insensibility from faintness or sleep or whatever it was, I stopped to consider.

“The summer storm had soon spent its fury, and as the clouds broke away I saw that the east was gray with the early June dawn. I sat down and waited until I could see, and then soon struck a good ‘tote-road’ which led to an abandoned mine, where I knew there was a family remaining, and a boat.

“I pushed forward, arrived at their house, roused them, and before they had time to rise, I lighted a fire for making coffee, and in a little over a half-hour I was refreshed and we were off in the chase for the *Alice*.

“We kept a keen lookout both inshore and out, and having only moderate wind, with occasional calms, when we pulled at the oars, we reached the mouth of Traverse River by the middle of the afternoon and stopped to inquire. Yes ; the keeper of the lighthouse had seen a boat scudding southward before the coming storm at the peep of early dawn. She made as if she would come into port, so near that the keeper, in the dim light, with his glass saw distinctly a woman with the sheet-rope in one hand, the tiller in the other, and a babe lying across her knees. Then she put out to sea again, and very soon the clouds came down black and close, and the lake rose in combing seas.

“Such was the first news we had of the *Alice* and her precious cargo. Still I didn’t lose hope. I knew that Nellie knew the boat, and that the boat would climb almost any sea if she were held right. The only thing was to push ahead. Fortunately, a little steam yacht just then came out of the river, and we hailed her, boarded her, and Captain Wilson at once undertook the chase of the *Alice*.

“We steamed alongshore slowly, examining every creek and nook. Nothing was seen till we came in sight of those Indian fishing nets which you saw out in the bay in front of the convent. There lay the *Alice* on her side, lodged against the netting——”

The teamster here choked up.

“You recovered the bodies ?”

“N-n-no, sir. This cold lake never gives up its dead.”

“Nellie was trying to make the convent, you think?”

“Undoubtedly; and but for the storm she’d a-made it safely.”

“But you say she passed the lighthouse all right?”

“Yes; and the wind that was flying her then was the first puff of the storm. I think she would have ridden it out, anyway. But, you see, the poor girl had been out twenty-four hours then, already, and she had to hold the sheet-rope,



LAKE GENEVA, WISCONSIN.

and the tiller, and baby, too, in a rolling sea. She couldn't do it. I reckon she let go the rigging to hold baby, and was knocked over. It may have been miles out. The Alice is decked in close, and she could not sink, and she drifted on her side up the bay to the fishing nets.”

During this pathetic recital, which Mr. Dennis gave with much feeling, the tears at times trickling upon his face, Madge completely broke down and her form shook with grief.

It was evident that there was a war of conflicting emotions in Charles Carlisle's bosom. He could not resist the sympathetic force of the story, which was made intensely real by the fact that the fish-netting, the end of the fatal chase, and the miles and miles of the shore of Keweenaw along which the *Alice* had sped, were in full view, and the calm monastery shone peacefully far across the bay.

Carlisle knew instinctively that were Madge and Dennis alone, the situation would be fraught with danger to his hopes. Dennis told the story in the manly fashion that is not ashamed of a few sympathetic tears, and yet strong enough to defy overpowering emotion. Carlisle had read—and who has not?—how Genevieve, the “bright and beauteous bride,” was won under such a rain of sympathetic tears.

Her bosom heaved, she stept aside ;
As conscious of my look she stept,
Then suddenly with tim'rous eye
She fled to me and wept.

But before Mr. Dennis' story was finished the train had coupled and moved on. We were so interested that we scarcely knew when the scene of Nellie's sad fate passed out of view.

Hancock was reached that afternoon. Mr. Dennis and his party went to the hotel, promising to return and spend the evening at the car. When they had gone the Senator said :

“Here we are at the end of the line, but not at the end of our resources. We do not desire to go back through a country that we have just seen, as that would be monotonous. I have an idea, a little odd, perhaps, but I will not let any of you know what it is until I know of its practicability.”

“Now, Senator, why do you excite our curiosity and then not gratify it?” said Madge. “That's real provoking.”

“You will all know in time,” he replied. “To-morrow we will visit some of the large copper-mines, while we will leave James at home to further my idea, if possible.”

The Senator had given me a commission, the oddest one, as he said, that I ever heard of, and I was afraid I would be taken for a lunatic. As soon as the car stopped I lost no time in commencing what I supposed would be a useless task. I called on several vessel owners, but their boats were out, or were loading, and I despaired even of getting a boat. Finally I found on board his own barge a Cap-

tain Monroe, that I had been directed to. I made known my desire, to which he answered :

“Yes ; I go to Ashland to-morrow morning, or the next day at the outside. What can I do for you ?”

“I want you to load on a Pullman special car, and carry her to Ashland.”

The captain looked at me in blank amazement.

“Why, I never heerd of such a thing, but then agin it might be did. How long is the car ?”

I replied that it was about sixty-four feet. We went aboard the barge, and after he had measured the room forward, he said it would be impossible to take it.

“I would have to tear off half the gunnell to git her aboard, and there ain’t room, but I kin tell you what can be did ; there is one of my lighters, fer instance.”

We went down to the dock a distance to see it. It was a long, low, box raft, thoroughly calked, making the inside an immense air chamber. It was used for loading stone. The load was piled on until the scow sunk nearly to the water’s edge, when lines were made fast at either end, and it was towed by a barge or a tug. Finding that a deck load of thirty cord of stone had been successfully carried time and again, I knew there was no danger that it would not successfully carry the car, and after some dickering, engaged it.

The next day I had a force of men getting the scow ready, and building a connection from the dock to the lighter. A track was laid on the boat. The boat was fastened securely to the dock, with enough play in the fastenings to allow for the partial submersion of the scow when the car was rolled onto it. Early Friday morning the car was switched down to the dock and loaded very successfully.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Carlisle returned from the copper districts, and the Senator invited him so cordially to continue the journey with us that he accepted. He had completed his business arrangements satisfactorily, and had no urgent business that called him back to New York. This state of affairs was pleasing also to Charles.

The rest of the party spent Thursday among the mines, and when they returned that last night, were all so tired that animation seemed to have left them entirely. At nine o’clock the Dennis party went back to their hotel, and our members all retired except myself. I was not sleepy, but, lacking company, went out on the back platform where I heard Mike and Sam talking. Sam said :

“Whar was yo’ bo’n, Mike ? In de Souf ?”

“Naw, Oi wuzn’t; Oi wuz born in Oireland. Yez niver heard av the O’Rafferty gang on Blackwather, did yez? Oi’ll tell yez a bit av a tale.”

BLACKWATER.

Whin Oi wuz a bye we were rintin’ a bit av a place in the South av Oireland; in fact, the first place Oi iver saw wuz the town of Ballyclough. We lived poor loike, an’ the ould man had a hape av hustlin’ to do to kape us in petaties, an’ pay the rint; rint days. But by arjuous stintin’ he saved a little, year by year, an’ bought a masheen fur huskin’ grain, an’ Oi, as I grew oulder, helped the ould man wid the masheen. Thin the money got aisier, an’ he at lasht moved intil Ballyclough an’ opened a tavern, so he did, givin’ up the place we rinted but kapin’ the masheen, wid which Oi did all the worrick entoirely, an’ the ould man tinted tavern. Before he wuz married, him an’ his three brothers wuz blades; they wuz a set av hustlers, thim byes. There wuz Teddy, an’ Danny, an’ Dinny, an’ Moike. An’ the folks niver made mintion av thim except as the O’Rafferty gang. They tuk in all the wakes, an’ fairs, an’ dances fur moiles around, an’ wid the girruls they wuz the favorites, if Oi duz say it mesilf, as shudent. Oi shud have said that me mother, God bliss her, an’ O’Rourke before she married Dinny O’Rafferty, that’s me fahther, wuz the bist luken woman in the county of Munster, an’ av coorse, had no end av gussoons afther her, an’ besoides she had a small dowry, an’ her fahther owned his land. Av coorse, yez understhand this wuz all tould till me long ago. Oi wuz also tould that her choice wuz bechune two loikely young chaps in that same parish where she lived, an’ there wuz much rivalry bechune thim which shud succeed. But wan day me father, av which his brothers wuz as loike him as pease in wan pod, wint across the country till Kilmeedy, where she lived, to attind a fair, an’ there met Annie O’Rourke. It wuz wan av thim matins av love at firsht soight. They wuz all dancin’ Rory O’More whin they met, an’ Dinny O’Rafferty, that’s me fahther, sez to Annie O’Rourke, that’s me mother, God bliss her:

“Yez kin bate anything in Ballyclough at Rory O’More, so yez kin.”

An’ she sez, whin bowin’ on the corner till him:

“Oi thot frum the way yez handled yersilf yez wuz frum the South.”

“Is it awkward Oi am?” sez he.

“No,” sez she; “yez got a clane fut, but Oi suppose it’s married yez are.”

“Not a whit av it,” sez he. “But Oi’m lukin’ fur a lass now on this thrip.”

“Oh, yez are,” sez she, cunnin’ loike, but thin come the ‘right an’ lift all,’ an’ away she wint, an’ he had no more chance to talk wid her.

He wuz goin’ to git her fur the nixt dance, but wan av her own byes got ahead av him, an’ he stud by in the crowd watchin’ her clip it. Whin the fiddlin’ stopped he goes up till her an’ sez :

“Kin Oi have the nixt? Oi’m achin’ till try ‘St. Patrick’s Day’ wid ye, an’ that’s the nixt. Oi’ll show yez how it’s done in Blackwather.”

“An’ Oi’ll show yez how it’s done on the Deel,” sez she.

Whin the byes an’ girruls wuz called out fur St. Patrick’s Day, here wuz Annie an’ Dinny at the head av the dance, an’ Jack Beuclaugh, the man supposed to carry Annie’s heart in his hand, stud close by, watchin’ wid green eyes. An’ how they did go it! Me Uncle Teddy, that wuz there, sez it bate anything he iver saw. They put on all the fancy flings they each knew. The crowd around kep’ gittin’ larger an’ larger, watchin’ thim. They wuz all Kilmeedy people an’ kep’ askin’ who wuz the bye in green, dancin’ wid our Annie O’Rourke.

“See the nate fut he has on him! Luk at the sthoyle av him!” And wan felly sez till Jack Beuclaugh, sez he :

“Jack, luk out fur the felly in green : he’ll be afther dancin’ Annie away frum yez, so he will.”

“Oi’ll dance him another chune, whin he gits done this toime, moind that!” sez this same Jack Beuclaugh.

An’ Teddy sez :

“There is four av us here dances the same chune as the bye in green. An’ we kin dance it wid a thorn sthick to faster music than wid our fut.”

“Oy, yez kin? Oi’ll see yez movements,” an’ wid that he gave Teddy a clip that loiked to sind the pinnin’ frum underneath him.

But Teddy gave the Blackwather whistle an’ in two jumps the three brothers wuz around him, lavin’ the girruls in the rings. Howly murther! they had it. Uncle Danny sez there wuz twinty av the Deelwather byes till thim four. They wint in, in Blackwather stoye, an’ it wuz not long till they had a clear space around thim, an’ wuz able to see phwhat wuz goin’ on. It broke up the matin annyway, an’ the byes come home. But Dinny cud not rist himself thinkin’ av thim black eyes an’ hair av Annie O’Rourke. So he writ her a billy ducks an’ sint it by the nixt mail day.



MADGE AND DENNIS—" 'SOMETIME,' YOU SAID."

“What’s a billy ducks, Mike? Is dat some Irish bizness, er—” interrupted Sam.

“Oi don’t know; Oi’m tellin yez as Oi heard it, didn’t Oi tell yez?”

He waited in a faver till the nixt mail cummin’ back, which wuz a tin days’ toime, and he got a swate little letter, sayin’ he cud come and see her, but to luk out fur the Deelwather byes. That she loiked a nate suit av green, an’ a bye that cud handle a thorn stick an’ his fut so completely.

Well, phwhat yez think? Dinny did his coortin’ wid thim three brothers av his along wid him, an’ the result wuz that by their takin’ ways, Dinny got Annie, an’ the rist av the byes the pick av the girruls frum the Deel. Teddy married Katie O’Regan, Danny married Mary Radnaugh, an’ Moike, Coleen Steel. The widdin’ day for each av the byes wuz the same, an’ it’s talked about yet, how the O’Rafferty gang married the girruls av Deel. All av Blackwather wuz invited an’ all av Deel, an’ the dancin’ an’ atin’ kep’ up two days. The bad blood seemed all gone thim two days, an’ it is said on that occasion the Deel byes picked out their lassies from Blackwather. Why there wuz a song writ about it. Oi remimber some av it, as I heard it whin a lad. It wuz somethin’ loike this:

The Blackwather byes are strappin’ an tall,
 From Cork till yez get to Beaclugh;
 But for hair that is red, an’ eyes that are blue,
 Oi’ll match the O’Rafferty gang wid you.
 The Blackwather byes are strappin’ an tall,
 The O’Rafferty gang are the pick av thim all.
 Tra, de da, de da, di diddle O!
 Tra, de da, de da.
 Oh, give me a lass from the parish o’ Deel,
 For thim at Kilmeedy we’ll fight.
 We’ll win the lass wid eyes loike night,
 An’ ever go back wid a heart so light.
 Oh, give me a lass from the parish o’ Deel,
 An’ O’Rouke, O’Regan, Radnaugh, or Steel.
 Tra, de da, etc,

The byes settled in Blackwather parish and commenced livin’ steady loike. All av a suddent Dinny’s fahther-in-law died, an’ wid him wint all his property. It wuz suppohsed he lift somethin’, but his property hardly settled up his esthate. Dinny, that’s me fahther, tuk a bit av land an’ commenced raisin’ petaties. Here wuz Oi born. Oi shud av sed that Jack Beuclaugh married shortly afther the big widdin o’ Deel, an’ as he tuk a Blackwather girrul, settled in the nixt parish to

ours, an' he had a bye about me aige. He wuz named afther his fahther. Whin we wuz byes the falen bechune us wuz strained loike, an' it wuz only phwhat moight be expected, as both av us knew the bad blood bechune our fahthers in their young days.

The Blackwather ran through the big esthate av the Palens. Squire Palen wuz a noble-souled landlord, an' his tinents loiked him. He had a bye, Charles Palen, about me own aige, an' strange enough, he tuk a special loiken to me. Often had he bin to our shanty fur a male, an' manny the toime have Oi been till the Blackwather House, the name av the esthate.

Me little sister, thin about tin years av aige, carried, they say, the good luks av her mother, an' Charles wuz havin' a great loikin' fur her. Manny be the toime wuz us three ridin' over the esthate, or us byes runnin' horse races, or fishin' in the strames. The gamekeeper wuz tould by young Palen that Oi wuz as free to use the wather as himsilf, an' Oi niver thought av annything but usin' it as Oi pleased.

Whin Oi wuz mebbe fourteen or older, the old Squire wuz elicted till Parli' ment, an' tuk his family, an' wuz gone fur some toime. The esthate wuz handled by a divilish superintindent, who made himself hated by the tinants because av his harsh dealins an' his evictions; an' another thing, he had an' intinse calumly in my favor, because av my free an' aisy manners wid him, an' Oi supphose, the intimacy bechune young Palen an' mesilf. The ould gamekeeper was discharged, an' none other than Jack Beuclaugh, the younger, wuz put in his place, wid severil av his gang as deputies. Oi was lukin' fur that selfsame job mesilf, an' till see that Beuclaugh appinted, roiled me a little.

Oi wuz down on wan av the strames wan evenin', casting fur a salmon, an' Jack come up—yez see, he had been watchin'—an' he sez:

“Oi hev been tould that phwhat wuz yez priviledges here in toime gone by hev ceased wid the new rejoime.”

Sez Oi: “Phwhat put ye onto *rejoime*? Is that a worrud that comes frum the ould fair at Kilmeedy, twinty years ago?” An' Oi give him a few bars av “The Blackwather byes are strappin' an' tall.” Yez see, Oi wuz achin' to pick a fuss wid him. Oi succaded. Whin Oi mintioned about the ould fair at Kilmeedy, an' whistled the bit av a chune fur him, it wuz loike wavin' a red flag till a bull. He tuk a good luk at me, an' sez:

“Oi'll hate to put a bullet in yez hoide, but Oi hev instructed me deputies

till watch yez especially. Wan worrud from a Beuclaugh is enough," an' wid that he strode off through the grass.

Oi only smiled at him an' kep' whistlin'. Before Oi wint home, Oi had a salmon that wud make a king's male. Oi tould me ould man that avenin' while atin' the salmon, an' he sez:

"Why didn't yez bang him wan bechune the two eyes av him as he stud there. Oi did it till his dad, an' Oi don't want till see me progeny wavin' their tails to the second run av Beuclaughes. Me mother, God bliss her, cautioned me against anny bad worrud with him, an' tould me to measure me worrds in anny fuss. But the ould blood crep' back till me, afther lyin' sthills these many years. The result av it wuz, Oi sthills fished, but kep' dodgin' the deputies, an' many the night did Oi get a salmon wid me wires. But wan way or another the matter laked out, an' they set a watch for me. Wan Satherday noight, Oi wuz luken up me snares, an' the first thing Oi knew a gun wint bang! an' a bullet whistled so close as to cut off a lock av me hair. Oi wuz knee-deep in wather wadin' whin it happened, an' made a loively scrimmage fur the other bank, only to walk intil the arrums av Jack Beuclaugh, the gamekeeper, wid constabulary powers.

"Oi am expictin' yez," he sez. "Me deputy acrost the river made a poor shot. I wud a done betther. Oi don't think yez will be so free tellin' yez swate-hearts about batin' Jack Beuclaugh at his own game. Yez lassies are too free wid their tongues, me bye."

Wid that he laid down his gun, an' takin' out his wristers, sez:

"Oi arrist yez in the name av the law, Moike O'Rafferty, fur trespass."

He got the worrds out av his oogly mug good an' clane, an' Oi tuk him wan, where the ould man advised, that sint him spinnin' intil the wather. Oi picked up the gun, an' catchin' the outline av the deputy acrost the strame tuck a squint at him wid it, an' whin the trigger wuz pulled, he give a screech that yez cud have heard a moile. Oi trew the gun into the wather an' made a break fur open counthry, an' lift thim behind.

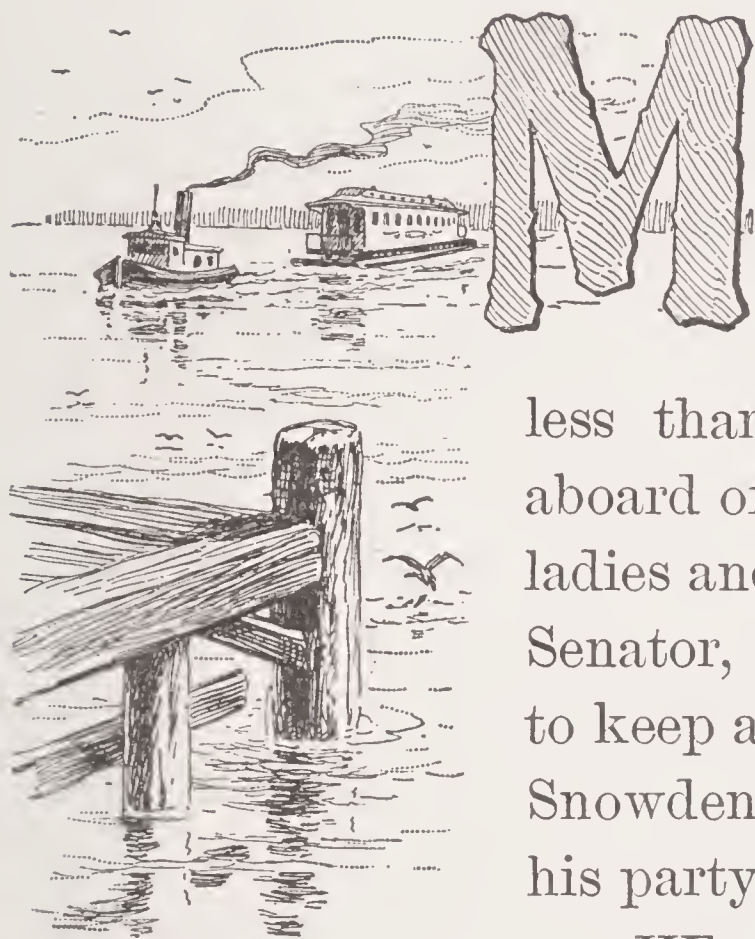
Oi rached home about midnight an' wakened me fahther an' told him all. Av coorse he wuz distressed about the matther, and wuz sorry Oi had banged it to the deputy, but Oi had to tell him tree toimes about clippin' it till young Beuclaugh. He gave me a bag av sov'r'igns an' Oi lift that noight fur the north av Oireland, an' eventually to America; not widout, however, wapin' me eyes out at partin' wid me mother an' me sister, God bliss thim.

Oi learned aftherward that Oi tuk the deputy in the arrum an' only barked him, but such a howl wuz set up in the parish that the whole counthry wuz luken fur me.

Whin twinty years is up the mather will be outlawed, an' Oi'll be goin' back fur a sphell. My sister, Lady Palen, sez, "Come home, Moike, it's all forgotten now."

If the Sinator's health will permit, Oi may run acrost this fall.

CHAPTER V.



MR. DENNIS and his party were to take the *City of Fremont*, that sailed that morning for Ontonagon and Ashland. Our plan was to take the lumber barge and go with the car; but the barge was an old dingy craft, and could not make the journey in less than twenty hours, which would necessitate us being aboard of her all night. We therefore concluded to send the ladies and most of the party by the *City of Fremont*, while the Senator, the elder Carlisle, and myself went aboard the barge to keep an eye on the car. We started first, and Dr. and Mrs. Snowden, my wife, Madge, and Charles, and Mr. Dennis and his party came down to see us off.

When we were out of the canal and into the lake we found the weather all that we could desire. The lake was unusually quiet and the raft rode beautifully. Our plan was to put into Ontonagon that night if the weather proved boisterous, but if not, to continue on to Ashland. About ten that morning the pilot reported that the *Fremont* was astern and near us. We went on deck and found her in our wake, probably a mile; and gaining on us rapidly. She came up shortly, and so near that we could distinguish our friends on her deck. Amid much waving of hands and tooting of whistles she forged ahead, and by noon all we could distinguish of her was a trail of black smoke. Sam insisted on staying aboard of the car, and occasionally his black head could be seen out of some window, with a smile on his face that lit up the water around him.

The raft rode steadily all day, and at nine o'clock that night, feeling secure from any mishap, we went to bed. When we awoke we were lying by the dock at Ashland, the raft moored close astern. When we came on deck we saw Sam on the platform of the car, and his first greeting was to call us over to breakfast. To an inquiry from the Senator about the trip he had made, he said:

“Wuz like swinging in a hammock, Mr. Hanner. I got kind o’ skeery in de night onst, ’twas mos’ mo’nin’ and de keer got kind o’ teetery like. I poked my

head out and de waves wuz gitten little bilious like, but it stopped in a little while an' got quiet agin."

We had the lighter towed to a dock between those owned by the Superior Lumber Company. Here a spur of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha

Railroad runs along the shore. We had six feet of water, and moved the raft in and made her fast. By removing a few feet of piling we made a connecting track, and safely transferred the car to solid ground. The transfer took most of the day. The car was then run down this spur to the main line, and brought back to the depot.

The rest of our party and Mr. Dennis and his friends we found at the Chequamegon Hotel. They had arrived late the previous evening. The ladies were quite anxious concerning us, and wished we had been

on the *Fremont* to help enjoy their delightful trip.

I noticed a feeling of estrangement between Madge and Charles. Mr. Dennis was very atten-

tive to Madge, and Charles was making prodigious efforts to amuse Miss Dennis. That evening, at the cotillion held in the ballroom, I learned there had been a little "tiff" between Madge and Charles coming up. Miss Blount made a confidant of Mrs. Daly; that is how I heard of it. It occurred in this wise: At dinner on the boat the day before, Madge and Charles were sitting together.



LAKE GENEVA.
THE BAY, FROM BROAD STREET.

Madge, probably without any slighting intention, would occasionally speak to Mr. Dennis, who sat across the table and a little further down. Charles, without cause, had been annoyed by Miss Blount's friendliness toward Mr. Dennis since their meeting, and in a moment of anger, petulantly said to her in an undertone:

"Madge, I wish you would confine your conversation to those within speaking distance. It does not look well to ——"

"Mr. Carlisle, I must confess that you are too late an acquisition to my coterie of friends for me to allow you to dictate to me as to what constitutes a lady-like mode of conducting myself."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Blount," he said hastily, seeing that he had spoken foolishly and quickly.

"I will grant it," she said quietly, "and for the time will confine my conversation strictly to you."

As she finished the meal, chatting pleasantly to him, he was congratulating himself that his bit of advice had its effect, and that Madge's anger had flown. After dinner she came to him, and catching him by the sleeve said, with a most bewitching smile on her face:

"Now, Charlie, may I speak to Mr. Dennis a little while, if I will speak softly?"

"Why, certainly, Madge! but not too long," he said, and walked away feeling light as a feather.

But as Madge continued talking softly to Mr. Dennis all that afternoon and most of the evening, his lightheartedness continued to sink like a column of mercury.

When I reached the scene the next morning, Charles looked as if he were not more than 10 degrees above, and Madge corresponding. I was becoming interested. The quarrel could not be kept quiet in our little party, and I found we were all taking sides. The ladies said that they thought Miss Blount had spoken too severely to Mr. Carlisle, and I held that it served him just right. It did, too.

We found friends and acquaintances at the hotel and in private houses from all parts of the South—hay-fever guests from all the infected districts. We made trips to the Apostle Islands, Washburn, Bayfield and Odanah, the Indian reservation. Mr. Dennis' party joined us in a trip down the line of the Northern Pacific a few miles to Pike Lake and the Brule River. We caught some fine

trout in the Brule, and all of us made the trip down the Brule rapids, except Mrs. Snowden. Mr. Angus owns hotels at both Brule River and Pike Lake, and had everything possible that could add to our comfort. We spent a day on Pike Lake.

Mr. Carlisle thought he recognized in Mr. Angus an old theatrical man, which proved to be the case, he having for some years been connected with Duprez & Benedict's minstrels. That evening he came aboard and gave us some of the songs and banjo sketches of his younger days.

Dr. Snowden had hooked a very fine muskallonge that day, and in his nervousness he broke his pole and lost his fish. He could not get over the mishap, and in every lull of the conversation coming back to the car, and all that evening, he would bewail his loss. A Mr. Dyer, of St. Paul, who was a guest at the hotel, and was present, finally knocked the doctor into a comatose state by saying:

"If you are here to-morrow, Doctor, you mus-co-long and try it over with me."

The next morning we left, coming east to the Omaha line. The Dennis party left the same morning for Duluth. We were to meet again in a short time at Senator Hanna's in St. Paul. This left Madge and Charles to themselves again. The Senator probably knew how matters stood, when, for lack of other amusement, he proposed a game of whist, and selected Madge for his partner, as he had done on previous occasions. As Charles and Mrs. Snowden were the only whist players left in the party, it brought Madge and Charles into opposition. And what will not engender bad blood quicker than a close rubber at whist?

The game was proposed as soon as the Dennis party had said their good-bys. Madge and Charles were aching to make up their differences, but that inopportune proposal only widened the breach the greater. By the time the car again reached the main line, the games stood two and two, and as the points were hard earned, all the more zealously did they engage in the coming game. After probably half an hour's time, in which the points gained one by one until they stood six to six, it came the Senator's deal for the last hand. As each one glanced at their cards, their faces told of a perplexity that did not warrant either side in being sure of getting the winning point. Perhaps Mrs. Snowden looked the most complacent. Madge, woman-like, was greatly excited, and as the cards were played, with the result of a trick to this pile and then to the other one, her excitement increased. When the last three cards were still held, the Senator, whose

lead it was, studied his hand for some time. Charles had four tricks towards his book, and the Senator had six. Trumps had been led twice all the way round. The Senator had two small ones left; Mrs. Snowden, the jack and queen, the highest. Madge had one and Charles was out. Mrs. Snowden's long suit was clubs, of which she still held control if trumps were out. Madge knew this from the play, and as she had no clubs and a little trump, she was exceedingly anxious that the Senator should lead clubs, through Mrs. Snowden, that she could get the winning trick and the game. She also thought that any other lead of the Senator's would be suicidal. She could not contain herself, and while the Senator was studying what move to make, she innocently ran through her cards and said:

"Why, I declare! I thought I had a club."

The pointer to the Senator was too glaring, and with a smile he laid down a club. Mrs. Snowden followed with a higher one, and Madge gleefully put on her trump and then clapped her hands. Mrs. Snowden flushed and bit her lips, while Charles slammed his remaining cards on the table, got up and went to the observation room. He lighted a cigar and glared fiercely out over the receding track. Mrs. Snowden said nothing, but, trying to look pleasant, left the table and went to her room.

Madge, noticing the change of temperature, looked at the Senator with a half-frightened expression and said:

"I suppose I did wrong, but I was so afraid you would not lead that way that I could not help it. I am so sorry!"

The Senator knew the play would not bear close scrutiny, but provoked at Charles' display of temper, championed her cause by saying:

"It made no difference, Miss Blount, either way. See here! I have the thirteenth heart, and either lead would have given us the game."

"Is that so?" she said. "Then I am not a bit sorry. But I will go and apologize to Mrs. Snowden, but I will not to Charles; he acted real ungentlemanly."

"He will be over it in a minute," the Senator said, as he left the table.

Sam went back to the kitchen and whispered to Mike:

"Dat Cha'les—you orter seed him—flung down de ca'ds dat a way, an' wen' back to de odder eend of de ca' wid all his bristles up. Guess it all up 'tween 'em now. Southe'n wimmin ain't got no business nohow wid dese 'ere high flung No'theners."



HE CARRIED HER INTO THE PARLOR AND LAID HER ON THE LOUNGE

When dinner was called, Charles had returned to his usual serenity and was affable to an astonishing degree. No reference was made to the morning game. That afternoon, while Madge was sitting on the swivel-chair in the observation room, reading, and the rest of the party were taking their usual afternoon nap, Charles came, and standing beside her, said :

“Forgive me, Madge, for my rudeness.”

He looked at her penitently, but she naively said :

“For which offense do you ask forgiveness?”

“For all—for everything, Madge. Don’t you know that I love you? Have you not seen it? Do I need to tell you?”

“That is enough; you need not say any more, for I don’t love you. Not a bit—there now!”

“But, Madge!”

“No, I do not! You are cross and have an awful temper, and I have not forgotten what you said on the boat——”

“Oh! I did not mean——”

“Yes, you did! You were cross because I was glad to see the Dennises. You have a disposition I do not like——”

“But, Madge, listen—listen——”

“No, I will not listen; if you do not stop, I will go to my room. But I tell you what I will do,” she said, looking around cautiously; “if you will close that door and open the window, I will smoke a Caporal with you.” And as she said this she looked up at Charles, and extending her hand to him, said :

“Yes, I will forgive you.”

After lighting their cigarettes they sat for a little time in silence, not knowing how to commence a conversation of any kind. Finally they looked at each other and both laughed.

“This is what you call chummy, I believe, Charles,” she said.

Ere their cigarettes had burned down they were laughing and chatting as before the little ripple came between them.

The Senator for the past few days had been in the best of spirits. He claimed that the travel had greatly benefited him; that his appetite was improving, and that he could now lie down, secure of a sound night’s sleep. He was correspondingly animated, and said he was now sorry he had not lingered a while longer in the North for a few days more fishing. At supper that evening he announced that

he had wired his housekeeper to have the house prepared for an avalanche of people for a night or two, and that when we arrived in St. Paul at seven o'clock we would all leave the car and see if we would appreciate the change to more roomy quarters.

On arriving at the Union Depot we left the car in Sam's care and went to the Senator's home. The housekeeper had been in a state of worry and perplexity since the receipt of the Senator's telegram, but when we arrived she looked the party over with a feeling of relief, and said:

"Is this all, Senator? I thought there were a hundred, at least."

A light supper was ready, and we sat long in the large cool dining-room, enjoying the unlimited space. We were all tired, having been traveling the whole day, and all went to bed early.

The next day we drove to Minnehaha Falls, and on our return that evening found the Dennises had arrived. With the addition of the Dennis party we taxed the Senator's dining-room to its full capacity. It accommodated us, however, and Mike, the master of ceremonies, presided, as was his wont. That evening was spent quietly. The Senator announced that we must not tire ourselves the following day, as he had provided for a little dancing party the following evening. The next day we took carriages to Fort Snelling and Minneapolis, the party dividing, and all returned early in the day.

That evening we did not impose on the musicians, owing to the warmth. A new moon made the young people seek the lawn and the walks. A summer-house stood in one corner of the grounds, surrounded by an arbor of trees, and so overgrown and interlaced by creepers that it made the interior of it quite dark in comparison with the bright moonlight outside. Carlisle, finding a chance to retire from the house during one of the dances, lit a cigar, and strolling about the premises finally reached the summer-house and entered. He had hardly been seated, when, glancing up to the parlor windows, he saw Madge and Dennis engaged earnestly in conversation. He gave the matter no particular attention, and he was still watching them when they suddenly left the window and appeared next at the front door.

Carlisle had remarked to Madge that she looked especially beautiful that night, and as she stood at the head of the steps, with a light shawl thrown over her bare shoulders, and her outline so charmingly displayed in the moonlight, he thought he had never seen so entrancing a picture.

She stood so long there that Carlisle started to go to her, but had hardly arisen from his seat when Dennis again came out. She took his arm and they came slowly down the steps and disappeared among the shadows on the other side of the grounds.

Carlisle was in that uneasiness of mind that a lover always experiences. He was blindly, madly infatuated, and life seemed a bleak desert unless he was in Madge's presence all the time. He had worried over Dennis' familiarity, and hated him cordially in consequence. What he had just seen did not increase his imperturbability. He sat smoking savagely. He went over in his mind every incident that had occurred since Dennis had joined the party, and reasoned out to himself that on every occasion that was offered Madge clearly showed by her actions her preference for Dennis' society. He admitted to himself that he had acted boorish on several occasions, and what reason had he, anyhow, he thought, to lay any claim to her exclusive society? That was a narrow view to take of the matter. But had he not told his secret to Madge herself, and she, in evident and unmistakable language, refused to listen to him? Would not a repetition of any advances on his part a second time be distressing to her? He thought the matter over and over, and his methods of reasoning only drove him farther toward the conclusion that Madge cared nothing for him.

He was finally aroused from his reverie by hearing voices. He turned, and, looking through the interstices of the vines and rustic work of the summer-house, saw Madge and Dennis approaching. They had, when leaving the house, taken a walk that led around the border of the grounds. The walk that led to the summer-house joined this walk. Carlisle's first impulse was to speak, but before he could readily collect himself they stopped, and were so near him that he could have reached through the vines and touched them. Their conversation was so earnest and so closely allied to his own welfare and future happiness that he sat there breathless, an unwilling listener to all that was said.

As Madge and Dennis left the house, Dennis said:

"It is too warm to stay in the house. This is a near approach to your Georgia weather. I was expecting when we reached St. Paul that we would be wearing ulsters, but the Senator admits that this is an unusually warm evening, and I suppose our dancing increases it. It is strange that we have met away up here, after an interval of nearly a year and a half. You have not forgotten our last meeting, have you, Madge?"

“ You mean the day and evening at Vance’s, at Marietta ? ” she replied.

“ Yes ; but I refer especially to what we said there—or rather, what you said.”

“ What did I say ? ”

“ I wanted an answer then to a question that greatly concerned me, and you said—— ”

“ Sometime ! ”

“ Yes, sometime ; that was it—you would answer me sometime.”

“ Well, does that not satisfy you ? You have been in New York for so long that I thought you had forgotten all about it, and looked back on the matter as only a boyish fancy.”

“ No, I have not forgotten—will not forget ! Have not my letters told you that the possibility you gave me was uppermost in my thoughts ? ”

“ You must be satisfied with sometime still,” she said, teasingly, and continued : “ Now you must not say any more. How did you happen to think of coming north ? ” she said, trying to change the subject, and asking the first question that came into her head.

Dennis noticed it, and smiled. He said :

“ I have been so busy in New York for a year or more, it was imperative that I take a rest ; so I came, and having business at Deadwood to attend to for the firm, thought I might kill two birds with one stone, as the saying goes, so came north and west.”

“ Deadwood ! What a funny name ! Where is Deadwood ? ” she said, innocently.

“ It’s in the Black Hills, and we go from here to Pierre, and thence by stage to Deadwood. That is how it was that I came north ; and I thought sister would enjoy it, so she came along, and Graham heard I was coming and he wanted to come and bring his wife and her sister, Miss Putney. So you see we made up quite a little party at once. But I am sorry we have to part here. I must confess that I have enjoyed the trip, and especially since I met you back there in Michigan.”

“ I am sorry, also, that the parties are to be separated. I do not know which way we go. I must ask the Senator. I wish we could all travel together—the more the merrier—and I do so like your sister and friends.”

“ Why not transfer that liking to me, Madge ? You told me, that last time, that I was a boy, and in New York I would forget you. Being with you again,

hearing you speak and looking into those eyes, brings back with four-fold vigor that boyish fancy. Now you again put me off with—sometime. Is not that sometime ever to end?”

Madge kept her eyes on the ground, while he continued :

“Tell me, Madge, when that sometime will end. If you will not answer me affirmatively now, say when you will give me an answer. I must have one.”

Madge’s face, as it shone in the moonlight, was troubled with perplexity. Dennis caught her hand in his and stood breathless, awaiting her answer.

“I have done wrong,” she said, disengaging her hand. “I do not love you, Charlie, and in saying that I will also say that I do not think that I love any man. If I learn to love you, then I will answer ; now, I can only say, sometime I will answer you. If you press me for an answer now, it will be an emphatic no !”

He responded quickly : “Do not answer me, then. Anything but no; but I surmise that Mr. Carlisle is the occasion of this.”

“You are ungenerous; and you have no right to surmise anything of the kind,” she said, with a feeling of warmth.

“Yes, I have. He has just that dominant nature that a woman naturally respects. What right had he to chide you when you were talking to me across the table on the *Fremont*? I heard enough of what he said to know what the subject of the conversation was.”

“I suppose he thought it was very unladylike to be talking above a conversational tone, and I agree with him. It was not nice.” Madge said this very demurely.

“And I notice that he talks to you patronizingly, and a woman, being the weaker sex, like the ivy in the story of the ivy and the oak, clings to the majestic——”

“Now, you are jealous, and that is a simple expression ! Heaven preserve me from a jealous man as a husband ! You are only putting that sometime further off. Mr. Carlisle is a friend; a friend that I like and am proud of.”

“And bases his friendship on the plea of having once been the instrument in saving your life, as you told me of.”

“Well, he did,” she said warmly.

“Don’t you suppose he was thinking of Mr. Carlisle’s own safety at that time as much as he was of your own?” Dennis ungenerously said.

“Mr. Dennis, I will hear no more of this. Come, we must go back to the house.”

“Forgive me, Madge, if I have said anything offensive,” he said.

“But you must not try to belittle in my eyes the character of Mr. Carlisle. You must try, if you desire to succeed, to raise yourself in my esteem to a degree that I will sometime be unable to do without you. Now, is that not a pretty speech? Come, we must go in. I have the next waltz with the Senator,” and she playfully took his arm and ran along the walk.

When they had left, Carlisle gave a long, low whistle. “About nip and tuck that was, and they never saw me—well, that was exceedingly fortunate. So Dennis proposed and fared no better. Well, that’s good. But that sometime bothers me. He thinks I am dominant. Wonder if I am? And he is jealous of me. So am I of him. It places this matter in statu-quo for a while, at least. But then I did save her life, and did she not tell me that night when we reached shore that I was brave and good, and, in her impetuous way, throw her arms about my neck and say, ‘Sometime I may repay you’? Was I ever ungenerous enough to recall that circumstance to her? Was that sometime the same word that Dennis relies on?”

Carlisle relit his cigar and slowly walked toward the house; he reached the steps and stood leaning against the stone balustrade. He could, from his position, catch glimpses of Madge as she flitted past the door. His eyes followed her every movement with a passionate longing that he had never before experienced. He said to himself, “She has said, ‘Sometime I may repay you,’ and she must.”

Where was the “The Little Blind God” that had shot his arrows so remorselessly, and in such damaging directions? Had he now his eyes uncovered would he know which wounds to heal?

When the music ceased, the whole party came out on the veranda, Madge leaning on the Senator’s arm.

“We are going to Dead—wood, too, Mr. Dennis; the Senator says so,” said Madge.

“That will be pleasant,” he replied, and coming forward to where the Senator and Madge were standing, began making arrangements for a future meeting, as the party again separated the following morning.

Madge, seeing Carlisle standing at the foot of the steps, quietly withdrew her hand from the Senator’s arm and ran down to him.

“Why, Charlie Carlisle! where have you been? You have been playing truant for three or four whole numbers. Give an account of yourself.”

Carlisle noticed that she seemed rather excited and slightly pale. He said:

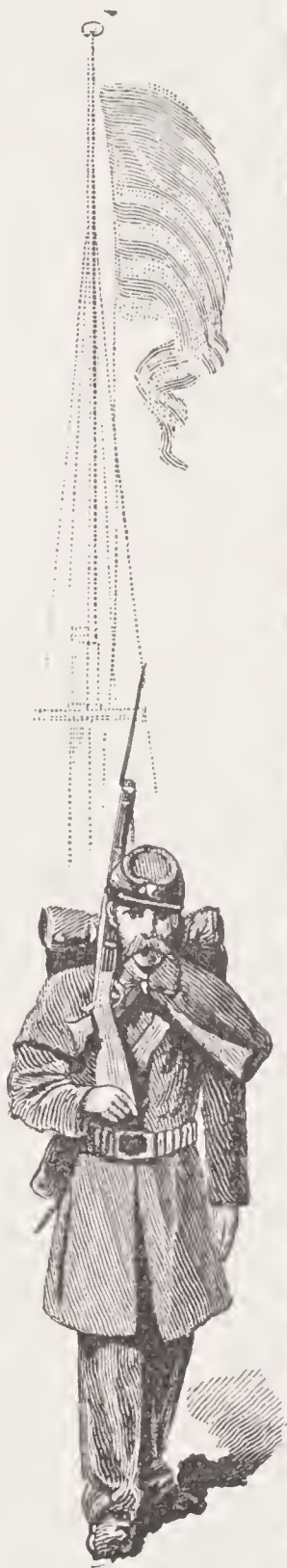
“I have been dozing, I guess; it’s so warm, and I dreamed of you.”

“Oh, that was splendid! What did you dream?”

“I must say it was not a very pleasant dream for me, but if you insist I will tell——”

“Oh, I do insist—now that you have my curiosity excited.”

“Well, it was only a dream. I dreamed I saw you standing in a path in the woods, and some one I could not see held your hand. Your head was bent down and you were undecided. You said, ‘I have done wrong; I do not think I love any man. If I learn to love you, then I will answer—sometime—sometime’! Suddenly the gravel walk turned into white sand and the dark shrubbery into boiling, mad waves. I saw myself, weary and worn, leaning on a broken oar, with two pearly white arms around my neck, and she was saying, ‘Sometime I will repay you—sometime.’ That was my dream.”



FORT SNELLING, MINN.

As Carlisle repeated what he termed his dream, in a low, but articulate tone, she became agitated; her bosom heaved with suppressed emotion, and as he finished, she turned deathly pale and said:

“Oh, darling, that sometime is yours—now!” and fainted.

Carlisle, very much frightened, caught her as she fell. The laughter and conversation on the veranda above suddenly ceased, and when he carried her into the parlor to a lounge, he was followed by all the ladies of the party.

Late in the night, after most of the house had retired, young Carlisle, unable to compose himself to sleep, sat on the veranda, smoking. To his surprise, he was joined by Dennis. After lighting a cigar, he said:

“As a near friend of Miss Blount, I would like to know what the conversation was that affected her so visibly this evening.”

“Well, Mr. Dennis, I may admit you are a near friend of Miss Blount, but I can not admit of your right to ask me a question concerning a matter that I think does not concern you.”

“It does concern me. Miss Blount has promised—to—well—to make a long story short, I have proposed to Miss Blount, and she has promised in time to give an answer. She neither accepts nor refuses me.”

“If that is the case,” said Carlisle, “I will tell you. I was relating a dream to her that I had once. It was this.” And as he related the dream, a look of perplexity came over Dennis’ face, and unconsciously he glanced out toward the summer-house.

When Carlisle had finished, Dennis looked him squarely in the face, and said:

“A peculiar dream! I guess I will not wait on sometime. I think I see through your enigma. She was yours when the boat landed a year ago. Good-night!” and Dennis threw away his cigar and went to bed.

CHAPTER VI.



WE were again on board the "Davy Crocket." The Dennises left the morning after the party. Mr. Carlisle the elder left us at St. Paul, having been recalled to New York on urgent business. It was a great disappointment for all of us to have him leave. Sam was delighted to have us back at the car. He said it had seemed a month since we had left.

The condition of things between Charles and Madge was too perceptible that we should fail to notice what was going on. Madge had confided in Mrs. Snowden, as was her duty. We all looked on the engagement with pleasure. At dinner the first day out the Senator said to them :

"Now, I suppose you think we know nothing of your love affairs. You imagine, I suppose, that you are acting very precise and guarded in your actions ; that no one would ever suppose in the world but that you were only casually interested in each other in a friendly manner. But we see through it, don't we, Mrs. Snowden ?"

Madge and Charles blushed, and Mrs. Snowden, as she held their confidences, was embarrassed, and did not answer.

"How is it Charles ; am I not right ?"

"There is no use, Senator ; we must acknowledge it," said Carlisle.

"Now, Charlie ! what did you tell the Senator for ? He will tease us unmercifully now," said Madge. And she slid her hand over and caught Charles' hand very kittenish, under the table.

"Let go of his hand, Madge, while I talk to him awhile ; you'll embarrass him."

"Senator Hanna, I think you are real mean !" said Madge, blushing. "But what are you going to talk about ?"

“I do not wish to interest myself too much in other people’s affairs,” said the Senator; “but I have a proposition to make to you two and the rest of you. I am just as much pleased over the outcome of this matter as any of the party, Charlie excepted, perhaps, and I am not surprised, as I expected it. This affair is strictly the concern of our car. You have probably talked but little about the date of your wedding; if you have, you have put it off until October, the romantic month. You have thought of the quiet hum of the bees, the autumn tinge of the trees, the mellow haze of the atmosphere, the fallen apples, and a lot more dreamy stuff, and Charles has thought of ordering a new dress-suit; and, I’ll warrant, Madge has been thinking of the new dresses she will get—a party dress, a reception dress, a traveling suit, and what not. Now, why not save all that bother and worry and get married right away—here on this car!”

“Why, Senator Hanna!” said Mrs. Snowden.

“The idea! Why, papa, that would be monstrous! No nice dresses, and no music, and no flowers,” said Cassie.

“Well, now, the idea, when I come to think of it, pleases me immensely, Senator,” said Dr. Snowden. “I am becoming as interested as the Senator.”

“Nice dresses, and flowers, and music, the regular wedding march, if you want it, ushers, bridesmaids, everything, you can have, and a wedding trip thrown in, and all your friends to see you, and—talk about romance—why it would be the essence of it!” said the Senator. Charles looked delighted.

Madge held her head down, busily engaged with her dinner.

“I do not mean to-morrow or next day, but when we are going home. You can telegraph your friends and relatives, and they can meet us. But suit yourselves. I advise you not to put it off, however. No use. Take it suddenly, and you can go back and nestle down in your own cage and be married three months longer than you would be to put it off and worry yourselves and make everybody around you wish it was all over.”

Nothing more was said. That afternoon, Madge and Charles had a long talk in the observation room.

We were now on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha line, speeding south. The scenery was charming. Lakes and rivers, fine farms, and stretches of prairie, interspersed with parks of timber. The air was delightful. At St. Peter we changed to the Chicago & North-Western line again and went west to Swan Lake. We side-tracked within a stone’s throw of the water. It was not

late enough, however, to prevent Dr Snowden and the Senator from having an hour's fishing. They were successful enough to get a supply of black bass for supper. As we were to be here most of the following day, they returned early, very enthusiastic to get an early start the following morning. The Senator reported several flocks of ducks that flew into the lake as they were coming home. This was enough to make me as enthusiastic to get an early start as they desired, and I lost no time in getting out my breech-loader and shells, hoping to be on the lake by the first appearance of dawn.

The supper that evening was unusually late. Mrs. Snowden chided the doctor for eating so heartily.

"If I should eat such a meal in Washington, dear, I should have fears for myself, but this glorious air invigorates to such a degree that I can only get my equilibrium by appeasing my appetite—a little more of the fish, Mike."

Mrs. Snowden, with a look of resignation, gave up any further efforts in trying to regulate the doctor's diet.

Madge and Charles were unusually quiet. They desired to give us a report of their afternoon session, but Charles saw no opening in the conversation to warrant his speaking. Finally, the Senator said :

"Well, children, how about the wedding? Is it a go?"

"Yes; we have agreed," said Charles.

"It is a car-go!" put in Madge.

"If this is the majority report, and there is no discussion on it, we will adopt, and I find myself getting very enthusiastic over it. We can arrange everything by telegraph—flowers, preacher, music, friends come to my wedding, and all. Daughter, did you put in your trunk that pretty reception dress, as I told you?"

"Yes, papa, I did. I have never worn it, and now I'll have a chance."

"Now, let me suggest. That dress must be worn by the bride," said the Senator.

"It will be my wedding present to you, Madge," said Cassie.

"The idea of your giving away your only appropriate dress!" said Madge.

"Oh, you do not know how it relieves me to do it," said Cassie, "if you will accept it. I have been puzzling myself all day about the matter. We are away out here where it would be impossible for me to get anything appropriate, and the dress is beautiful, and I know it will fit you. We are nearly of a size." And the girls bustled off to the dressing-room to look at the dress.

The Senator talked volubly and at length of the way he was to manage the details, and was only interrupted by the appearance of Madge and Cassie. Madge had on the dress, and it fitted her as if she had been molded into it. Her hair was powdered and she had on a pair of white kid gloves, and, as the Senator put it: "You look sweet enough to be married right now." Charles was in raptures over her appearance.

The dress was a low-corsaged red satin, with a black guipure lace overdress—not the regulation bridal white, but a dress of wonderful richness. The dress was sleeveless, and its color was enhanced by the snowy white neck and arms of its wearer. Madge was delighted and walked around the car to get different views of herself from the many mirrors the car contained.

The rest of the evening was spent in completing the arrangements, as far as the Senator would allow, as he insisted on planning all the minor details.

After the rest of the party had retired, Charles and Madge sat alone by the smaller dining-room table. Madge had pencil and paper in hand, writing a list of things she was to telegraph for the next morning. She said:

"Of course we must have papa and mamma, and your father and mother—Oh, dear! I wonder if your mother will like me. I hope so."

"Why, of course, you silly girl; who can help liking you?"

"But suppose she knew I smoked? Would she think it was chummy to smoke, Charles?"

"Well, I do not know about that," he said dubiously.

"I am not going to smoke any more, darling," she said penitently.

Charles made no further comment on the matter, which Madge interpreted that Charles had gotten over his chummy notions. After a pause, as if undecided whether to speak of the matter or not, she said:

"How about the Dennises, dear—you will not object to them, will you?"

"Why, certainly not, if they will come."

"There are five in their party, and in ours seven—that's twelve; and your parents and mine, four more—sixteen in all. Why we will have a regular fête, won't we? Where will they meet us?"

"The Senator will take care of that," he replied.

Late the next morning we again reached St. Peter and took the regular train south on the Omaha line. I had very fair luck to get a string of ducks early that morning, and the Senator and Doctor caught more fish than we could use; but

when we arrived at St. Peter they were eagerly taken by the railroad men. They were small-mouthed black bass, and of a size to be delicious eating.

The Senator announced that day that we should go to the end of the line; a run into Rapid City, probably to Deadwood and Fort Fetterman, in the mountains. This would give us a chance at the antelope, elk, and black-tail deer.

That same day we side-tracked at Heron Lake, a beautiful lake in Jackson County, Minnesota. Charles and myself went after chickens, and the Senator, Doctor, and all the ladies went fishing. Mike and Sam remained to look after the car.

After the last of the party had left and were out of sight, Mike said:

“Phwhat fun bees there, Sam, in gallyvoortin’ acrost the perary wid thim pinter dogs, an’ bangin’ at thim little birruds?”

“Did yo’ ever shoot dat a way, Mike? De fun cums in de doin’ of hit. Dat’s my holt—shootin’ on de wing.”

As they were talking, a raw-boned inhabitant came up to the car and asked if the gentlemen wanted any more hunting dogs.

Sam whispered in an undertone to Mike:

“Let’s git dat dorg an’ have a shoot roun’ de kyar here. Kin’ o’ keep one eye on de kyar an’ de odder on de shootin’.”

“Oi’ll go yez,” Mike answered. And then, addressing the man, said:

“Is phwhat yez call it, a pinter?”

“Yes, you bet he is, mister. The best dog in the State of Minnesoty.”

“How much are yez chargin’ fur the use av him boye th’ day?”

“Well, will a dollar be too much?” said the man.

“If yez can’t git anny more, it ain’t. We’ll thry him a whist at it annyway.”

The dog was tied to the car, and as the man was moving off Mike asked him what his name was.

“Johnston—James Johnston—is my name.”

“Naw! The name av the bloodhound here.”

“Oh! the dog’s name. Call him Rover.”

“Phwhat duz yez call him Rover fur?” said Mike, with a wink at Sam.

“Because that’s his name, mister,” said Johnston, with a knowing nod at Sam.

“Dat’s de time, Irish, yo’ got lef’ on a green-looking kentry-jake. De yaller hammer’s don’ go knockin’ roun’ a dead stump fur nothin’.”



"WELL, YO' HIT HIM DAT TIME, MIKE!"

The boys found one of my guns, and filling their pockets with cartridges, carefully locked the car, and went back over the track a short distance and then struck across the country. Sam carried the gun, and at last coming on some chickens he bagged several of them. The dog did behave admirably. Mike, who had been trudging along behind Sam, seeing the birds fall, was anxious to try his hand at it.

“Oi’ll show yez the Blackwather way av handlin’ a gun,” he said, as Sam handed the gun over to him. And with head erect, and a tread that resembled a St. Patrick’s Day parade, Mike went ahead.

After a time, the dog ran into a covey of birds. One by one the dog raised them, and as often Mike missed. At last, he saw several on the ground ahead of the dog, and without waiting to risk the chance of a wing shot, fired at them as they were. The dog gave a bound in the air, and then commenced a mad race around the field, whining and howling.

“Howly Murther! the canine has tuk a fit, Sam. Luk at the loikes av him! Huh puppy, huh, huh, huh——”

“Load her up, Mike, load her up! De dog is gone mad, shuah.”

Mike made a frantic effort to get the gun loaded quickly, and when he had done so cocked both barrels and stood on the defensive. The dog, in the meantime, kept growing quieter, and after a few struggles turned over on his side, dead. The two sportsmen advanced very cautiously, Mike in front and Sam in the rear. When they reached the dog, they found the blood oozing from numerous wounds in his side.

“Well, yo’ hit him dat time, Mike! Yo’ shot de dog. Gosh! what’ll we do?”

“Oi’ll be dombed if Oi know. Do yez think Oi put thim holes in him, or he got thim runnin’ an’ tumblin’ through the weeds this lasht minit? Pon me sowl, wuz he sthuffed wid salt or pepper yez cud by a little shakin’ make a firsht-strait kitchin utinsil wid him.”

“I think we got in a fix dis time, Mike. Mebbe dis dog is one of dese yere—what yo’ call em’s—fiel dogs.”

“Yez kin lay yez lasht cint that he aint that kind av a dog now, annyway.”

Without looking to see if the birds were killed by Mike’s last shot they took a bee-line for the car. They reached it in due time. Sam carefully cleaned the gun, and the rest of the day they kept a sharp lookout for the owner of the dog.

Just before we returned in the evening the owner came around. Mike was standing in the door as he came around the corner of the car.

“Hello, mister! yer back, aint ye? Have any luck? I kind of been watching fer you, but not seein’ the dog anywheres around, thought you hadn’t got back.”

“Yis; a foine dog. Oi niver shot over a betther wan,” said Mike. Reaching down in his pocket he pulled out a dollar and very politely handed it to Mr. Johnston.

“Thankee. Where did you leave the dog? Down in the town?”

“Why, no!” said Mike, a little surprised. “Did yez not give a man ordhers till cum an’ git him? A man wid slouch hat, an’ pants in his boots, cum along here, an’ Oi wuz sittin’ on the railin’ there fadin’ the pinter, an’ he sez, ‘Hello Rover’! an’ thin to me, ‘That dog is the bist in the State av Minnesoty,’ an’ Oi sez till him, ‘Oi belave yez.’ An he sez, ‘Oi’ll take him up till the ranch, an’ tell him,’ that’s you, ‘Oi’ll fetch him back to-morry.’”

“A feller with black hair and whiskers?” said Johnston.

“The very same,” answered Mike.

“Oh, that’s all right—that’s a brother of mine.”

“Oi thought he wuz all roight, or Oi wud not let him had him. Oi’ll be back in a week or two an’ Oi want the same pinter, do yez moind?”

Johnson rolled the dollar around in his hand, and finally sliding it into his pocket, went back the same way he had come.

Sam had been in the entrance-way, his face having the appearance of skim-milk. At the successful termination of the interview he drew a long breath of relief.

“Golly! I wisht we wuz all aboard an’ hitched to the ’spress an’ gotten out’n heyr.”

“Oi’ll go yez on that,” said Mike.

The boys were in a state of nervous expectancy until we pulled out the next morning, and not until then did they dare to show their heads outside the car.

After a long and continuous ride we reached Sioux City on the Missouri River. Here answering telegrams reached the Senator concerning the arrangements for the wedding. Mrs. Snowden was worried concerning the “freak,” as she termed it, of Miss Blount, who was under her espionage; but when telegrams

from her parents reached us of their pleasure at their daughter's choice, she again resumed her usual tranquility. The Senator was mysteriously sending telegrams and letters, and at every station of any importance he received replies. Madge was unusually inquisitive, but the Senator was non-committal, saying this was his part of the romance.

"Why, I will tell you how it will come about," he said one day. "We will reach a certain town in Wisconsin on our return trip, and we will be met by all our friends. They wire me they will be there in a special car from Chicago. We will then join cars, and while we are returning toward home you and Charles will join hands."

"Oh, is that not romantic!" she said.

"And then it will be different from the usual way of conducting a ceremony, and when you get older you can with pleasure relate to your children how you were married on the cars, and——"

"I think you are real mean!" said Madge, blushing, and ran off, leaving the Senator to his writing.

Congratulatory messages were received from all their friends. The Dennises were heard from at Pierre. They were just departing overland in wagons to Deadwood. Promising to meet us shortly—they would come, and when we again met, arrangements could be completed.

We pushed rapidly on until we reached the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley Railroad. The Senator and myself were exceedingly anxious for a day or two at the antelope, and having this in mind, we pushed on as rapidly as comfort would allow, and at last reached Fort Niobrara. We here side-tracked and made immediate arrangements for a wagon trip north to the headwaters of the Kaha Paha.

A stream was reached about sunset next evening, a branch of the Kaha Paha, that looked so cool and inviting that we decided to pitch our camp. A tent and cooking utensils were taken with us. The stakes were soon set and the tent raised. Cooking supper consisted principally in building a fire, as we had brought everything prepared from the car. The man we picked up for a guide and driver had been a plainsman all his life and was brimful of experiences, and that night we listened to him tell stories.

A camp-fire will bring out all the poetry of a man's nature. I had a guide once in the North, an ignorant man, who confessed he had never looked inside of

a book, and confessed that he could not write his own name, who nightly, around our fire of large cedar logs, would give voice to the most poetical phases of outdoor life; and one evening he told of a beautiful display of the aurora borealis that he had once witnessed, and made the description in such an unpretending way and in such simple, chaste language that he little thought that I would remember the circumstance and his story, probably as long as I live. This same man afterward stole a large raft of logs, and with a helper ran them down the river, cutting every dam in his way, got them all gathered at the mouth of the river, sold them, and skipped with the money.

But I am off my subject a little. One story he told that evening of a buffalo hunt I took down as soon as I got back to the car. With the help of the Senator and Dr. Snowden, who were likewise impressed with his easy command of language, I was able to write it out almost word for word.

Jim, the guide, sitting on the ground near us, with his weatherbeaten but expressive face lit up by occasional flashes of the fire, told us this story:

A BATTLE WITH A BUFFALO.

A grand sport, gentlemen, this buffalo hunting on horseback on the open plains, where a fair chance is given the shaggy beast. I recall with keen enjoyment a chase once taken through the tall prairie grasses about Battle River in the Saskatchewan country.

One morning, soon after sunrise, I crossed the crest of a grassy knoll, to see emerging from a ravine below and ahead, a single bull buffalo, whose black mane and shaggy dewlaps nearly reached the dank prairie grasses through which he walked. Though not in quest of game, the sight roused all the sportsman's instincts in me; so, dismounting behind the hill, I tightened the girths, replaced shot with balls, and remounting, rode over the ridge. As I came in view of the huge beast, stalking slowly away after his morning drink, his head was thrown up, one steady look given, then around he turned and made for the open bluffs beyond. Instantly I followed, and the horse, partaking of his master's excitement, answered gallantly to my call. Sharply I urged him forward with voice and spur until the wild charge became a headlong chase. Then rising in my stirrups, I took a snap shot at my game. The bullet struck him in the flanks. Quick as lightning he wheeled down upon me, and it was my turn to run. The boot

was decidedly on the other leg. If I had before pushed the horse toward the buffalo with whip and spur, still more urgently did I now endeavor, under the changed condition of affairs, to make him increase the distance between us. John Gilpin never thundered along the road as I did down the grassy incline, with that huge beast gaining on me at every stride. Looking back over my shoulder, I could see him close to my horse's tail, with lowered head, and eyes flashing furiously under their shaggy fringe of hair. It seemed almost as if I could feel his hot breath on the back of my neck.

Instinctively I gathered myself for a fall, for it appeared that nothing could prevent pursuer and pursued from coming into wild collision in another instant. I even picked out a grassy spot on which to alight. As the pony maintained his distance, however, I bethought of me of another chance. Turning in my saddle, I threw my gun over the crupper, at arm's length, with the muzzle full upon the buffalo's head, and fired. It was a centre shot; the ball struck him in the centre of the forehead, but he only shook his head when he received it. Still it served to check his pace somewhat, and as soon as we reached level ground the horse began to gain a little on him.

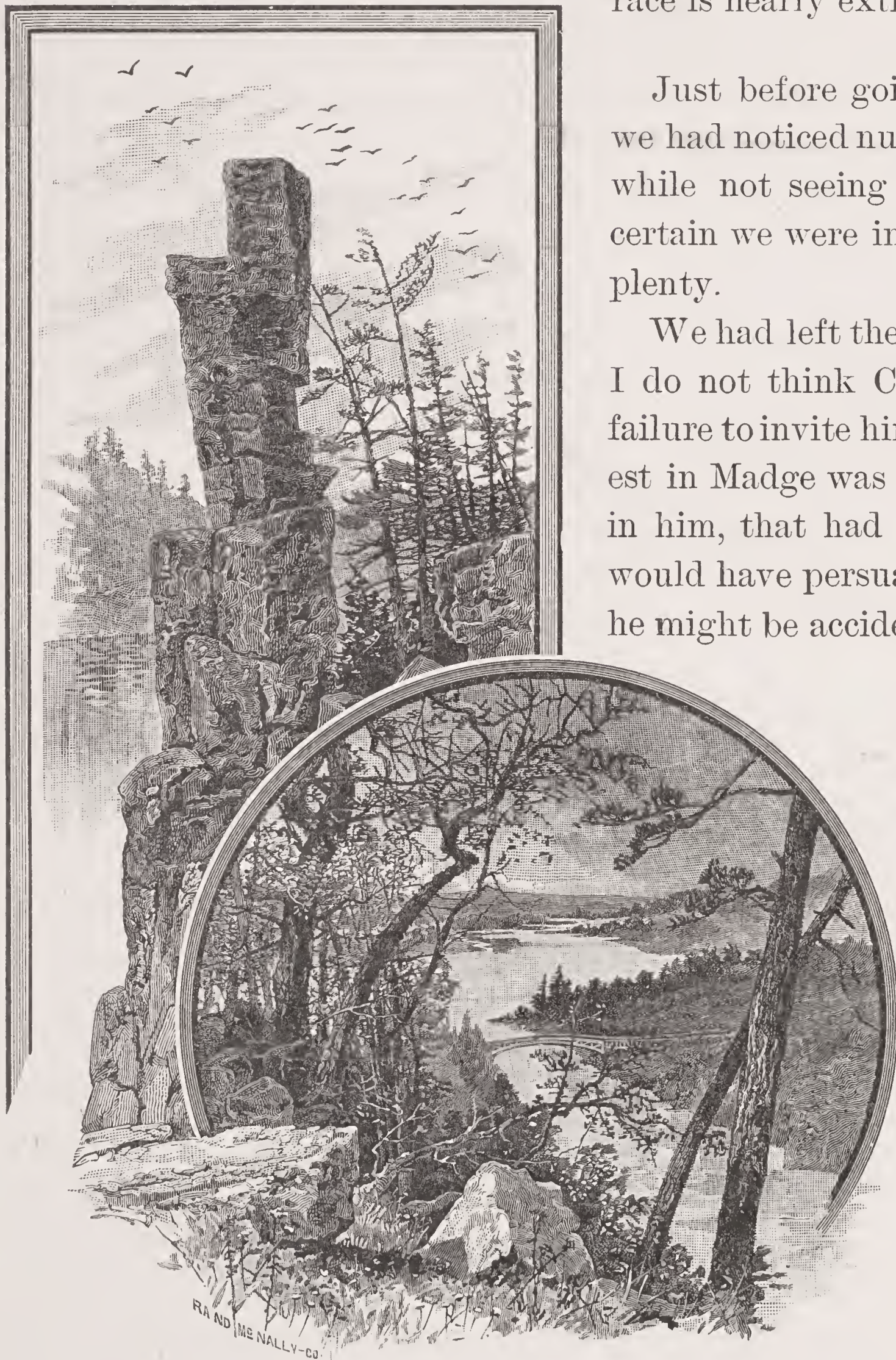
It was now the bull's turn to change his tactics, and quite as suddenly as he had charged he wheeled and made off.

After so long a run I could not think of losing him, so I turned and dashed after him at a rattling pace. Riding alongside, this time a shot fired low behind the shoulder brought my fierce friend to bay. Proudly he turned toward me, rage in his eye, but with a bearing at once calm and stately. He pawed the ground, and blew with short, angry snorts the long grass till it swayed to and fro. Moving thus slowly toward me he seemed the very personification of brute strength and angry pride. But his last moment had come.

I have not thought of the occurrence for years, but to-night I recall vividly all the wild accessories of the scene—the great silent waste, the noble beast, death-stricken, but defiant; but no language can picture the coloring of the sky and plain, no sound can echo back the music of that breeze, sighing mournfully through the long grasses; no pencil paint the east, ablaze with gold and green and the thousand glories of the prairie sunrise. All this lasted only a moment, for the giant bull, still advancing slowly toward me with bent head and angry snorts, sank quietly to the plain and stretched his limbs in death.

I am not more sentimental than ordinary men, and have done a fair share of

killing, but I should like to be able to call that grim old bull back to life. Never since that morning have I taken the life of one of his kind. Now the race is nearly extinct.



ON THE ST CROIX.

Just before going into camp that evening we had noticed numerous antelope signs, and while not seeing any bands of them were certain we were in a region where they were plenty.

We had left the ladies and Carlisle behind. I do not think Carlisle felt slighted at our failure to invite him along with us. His interest in Madge was so all-absorbing, and hers in him, that had he been anxious to go she would have persuaded him out of it, for fear he might be accidentally shot.

Early next morning, before sunrise, I was up, and after making a hot cup of coffee for myself left the camp and the party undisturbed and followed the creek up toward an elevation or butte several miles distant. Without thinking of game or my errand, I walked carelessly along, enjoying keenly the clear, soft morning air. I think I even whistled.

I have a Chicago friend, H., who was born and raised within the city limits, and though of a family of moderate means, had never been outside of the county. Several years ago he joined some friends in a fishing trip to one of the Upper

Michigan lakes, so numerous along the whole line of the Milwaukee Division of the Chicago & North-Western Railroad. The fresh woods and the invigorating air so animated him that it was hard for the rest of his friends to keep him within bounds. The morning after camp was made, when the party arose they found H. missing. They waited for him for some time, but he did not appear. As they were sitting down to breakfast they heard the most unearthly yells from an island half a mile down the lake. They answered him, but still the hallooing continued. Dropping their forks and coffee-cups his friends sprang into a boat, and at every succeeding yell from him they increased proportionately their speed. When they reached him they found him perched on a tree that had fallen over the water, calmly swinging his feet and looking the picture of contentment. When asked what were his motives in making such throat-splitting noises, he said :

“I have often thought I should like to yell all I wanted to, and I never had a chance before, and I am going to yell all I d——d please.” And again he commenced.

I was, however, brought to myself by seeing a deer jump from a bunch of alders not ten steps from me, and before I could recover from my surprise was gone. Proceeding more cautiously than before, I reached the foot of the butte, but without seeing any more game.

The twilight had given way to day, and the morning was unusually clear. Going to a higher elevation, I took out my glasses and surveyed the immediate surrounding country. Nearly a mile to the south I discovered a large band of antelope feeding. With a quickening of the pulse I snapped my glasses into their case and started. The country was undulating, with regular rises and depressions. Moving very cautiously when approaching the crest of a rise to see if any game was in the next depression, I passed over half the distance. On approaching the next rise and peering over the summit I was disappointed in seeing only two antelope feeding on the opposite slope. The large band that I had hoped to reach were still beyond ; these two, if frightened, might stampede the large band. I got down on my hands and knees and crept on a little farther unobserved. The antelope were barely seventy-five yards away. I fired. The largest one fell, and the other, giving a few bounds, stopped bewildered, not knowing in which route lay her safety. Her indecision was fatal. Another ring from my Bullard, and she, too, lay lifeless.

Jumping up and replacing my hat, I was just in the act of throwing in

another cartridge when the large band came flying over the hill toward me. They had got half way down before I was noticed, at which they divided and ran up and down the valley. As they turned I shot several times into the black mass of them, but it only accelerated their speed, leaving me standing there wondering where the bullets could have gone, if not through an antelope.

I reached camp at ten o'clock and sent the teamster back for the game. When I went to the creek for a drink of water it had mysteriously dried up. Along about four o'clock that afternoon it commenced running again and continued all night. Our guide knew of this and had drawn enough to supply ourselves and the animals during the day.

That evening the Senator and Dr. Snowden went down the creek to a game crossing, and just at sundown the Senator secured a good shot at a deer coming down to drink, which he got. Fresh venison and antelope steak made an appreciable addition to our supper that evening.

At four o'clock the next morning we were on our homeward journey, the camp marked only by a few embers and meat tins, a shank of venison and antelope bones—good picking for the coyotes the next night.

We reached our car in time to catch the regular train west, and without change or delay we reached Rapid City, the new Eldorado of the Black Hills. The North-Western System is the only line into the Hills.

We left the car and staged it into Deadwood, and the next day the Dennises arrived, delighted with their overland trip. The meeting between Madge and Dennis was embarrassing to both of them. Mr. and Mrs. Graham were profuse in their congratulations to Madge and Charles. Before the day was over it was noticed that Miss Putney and Dennis were on very friendly terms. The next day, the Sabbath, they visited us in our car at Rapid City. Early Monday morning the parties consolidated for a trip to the end of the line, Fort Fetterman.

A sight of the mountains was a relief to the eyes from the monotony of the plains country. The North Fork of the Platte, clear and cold, flows easterly under the brow of the fort. The Senator and myself spent several days on the neighboring streams with grand success as to catching trout. Young Carlisle and Dennis, Madge and Miss Putney, took a light wagon and went north to a ranch of a New York friend of Carlisle's, located on a branch of the Cheyenne. They did

not return until late the second night. They described the visit as one of the most pleasant excursions of the whole trip.

Mr. Carlisle's friend, a Mr. B., had come west the year before with a young wife and settled here. They came across with their own outfit. Both husband and wife had been raised within sight of Trinity Church and were of wealthy parents, and their friends predicted that they would not stand the rough country and cattle-raising six months. But our party found them perfectly delighted with their surroundings.

"I think I would be delighted with such a life myself," said Miss. Putney. "Mrs. B. has servants, an elegant house, if it is built of logs, has a fine saddle-horse, and rides with her husband every day all over the ranch, goes hunting with him, and is better acquainted with Wyoming cattle brands than she is with the latest opera. And just think, a gentleman and his wife ran over to make an evening call, they said, last evening, and they lived at the nearest ranch, fifteen miles down the river!"

The next day we were invited to take dinner at the fort, and that evening the officers were invited to the car. Our space had to be economized, but the car was equal to the occasion.

Early next morning we started on our return journey. The Dennises took the same train back with us as far as Omaha, but having friends in Mankato that they desired to visit, left us there, promising to meet us the following Tuesday at Beloit, Wisconsin, where the friends from the East were to join us.

We came east over the Galena Division by easy stages, and did not change until Dixon, Illinois, was reached.

By a special invitation of Judge Chartres we were carried over a short stretch of the Illinois Central road to his summer residence on Rock River. His residence, "Hazlewood," is one of the most charming places in America. The house stands on a bold bluff, two hundred feet above the Rock River. The view to the north is beautiful; the landscape lies below you, and the hazy atmosphere of that September day only lent additional charm to the picture.

Governor Chartres, a brother of the Judge, whose monument now crowns the crest of one of the bluffs along the river on the estate, gave Hazlewood a name for hospitality that was world-wide. With a number of others who left Ireland for political troubles some fifty years ago, he settled here on the Rock River. These exiles brought considerable wealth with them, or merely transferred their belong-

ings and estates from one hemisphere to the other. They settled in the same neighborhood and lived in what was termed regal style fifty years ago. The house is still standing, in very fair condition, and is noted for its generousness of wide-mouthed chimneys, around which the most celebrated men of two worlds have gathered. Many a song and story have rung through its corridors while the poker was in the fire, sparkling with heat, to be plunged into a pot of cider or whisky as soon as it was ended.

We spent the next day on the river, going as far north as the picturesque town of Grand Detour. In the evening the salon was thrown open and a couple rustic fiddlers in one corner to keep us in motion, with the good things the Judge provided very frequently from the cellar below, made us spend the most enjoyable evening of the trip. When at last we retired, we slept soundly in the quaint, low-ceiling bed-rooms which had that pleasant fresh odor of an old-fashioned country farm-house.

The ravines and recesses of Hazlewood were the hiding-places of Black Hawk during his campaign in 1832, and to this day the wolves make its rocky caves their retreats after excursions to adjacent henneries.

Tuesday morning we returned to the car, and after a few hours' run reached Beloit. We were transferred to the Chicago & North-Western line, and upon reaching the depot found an elegantly appointed car standing alone on a side-track, and Mr. Carlisle and his wife stood on the platform. The cars were shortly coupled together, and we were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Blount. We were just getting acquainted with each other, when the train from the North came thundering in and the Dennises came aboard. Introductions were gone through with again. It was a merry gathering—a "marry crowd," as Mr. Carlisle called it.

The car Mr. Carlisle had engaged was stripped of all its furniture. It was profusely decorated with flowers, and in the centre hung a huge wedding-bell, of rosebuds, with the monogram "C. B.," in violets on its side. In the other end of the car was an elegant assortment of plate and cut glass. The dressing-rooms in the extreme end were reserved for the bride.

The Senator was radiant. Slapping the elder Carlisle on the back with such force that he complained of several loose vertebræ, he said:

"Carlisle, you have everything perfect! I have been in a frenzy telegraphing you, but you have received every line I sent you from the looks of things. But, gracious! how about a minister?"

“I never thought of it!” Carlisle said, with a look of blank stupidity on his face.

The Senator rushed for his hat, and leaving the car was soon rattling over the pavements, hailing every one he met as to the nearest way to the house of the Episcopalian minister.

The Senator, on reaching his residence, ran up the steps and gave the bell such a pull that it must have sounded like a fire-alarm in the kitchen. He had not long to wait. The rector himself came hurriedly to the door, attired in a loose dressing-gown. His brows were knit and his head elevated, looking through his glasses to examine carefully what it was that had so alarmed his reverential meditations.

“Come—Mr.—get on your gowns—wedding. My name is Hanna. I have a carriage waiting. We haven’t a minute to spare. I’ll wait out here, but we are in a dreadful ——”

“But, my dear sir, you are hurried. I take this to be a runaway match; and a gentleman of your age of life ought not to enter into a tie that ——”

“Me! Get married? You confounded—I beg your pardon, Mr. ——”

“Jamieson,” the dominie interrupted.

“Mr. Jamieson. I see I have to explain matters. “I have lost enough time now. I’ll come in and talk it over with you.” And with an air of resignation he went into the minister’s dark little parlor, with its spatter-work pictures and hair-cloth furniture, and seating himself, told hurriedly the circumstances in as concise a manner as possible, winding up by saying the whole party were at the depot now.

“The parents of the contracting parties know of this affair?” asked the minister very coolly.

“You might run down to the car and see; they are all there together,” said Hanna.

The dominie hemmed, got up and walked around a little, called his wife, told her the circumstances, asked her advice, and finally concluded he would go. He soon appeared, and, telling his wife he would be back to dinner, got into the carriage, and the Senator giving an extra dollar to the driver to hurry, they were soon going at a pace that would have barred the horses in the 2.30 class.

The car was soon reached. An engine with steam up was coupled to the cars,



THE CEREMONY WAS SOON OVER.

and on the arrival of the Senator and Rev. Jamieson, Mr. Carlisle went forward, and giving the word to the conductor the train started.

The minister thought it was probably a little tour the train was taking and gave himself no uneasiness. When he had his gown arranged he appeared, and taking his place a little back of the bell, was soon met by the contracting parties.

Suddenly the Senator's face paled. He looked at Carlisle and said, in a hoarse whisper, "The license!" but the minister had already commenced the ceremony.

Madge looked beautiful, and Charles, in his suit just arrived from New York, was just "too sweet for anything," as Miss Putney told Madge. The ladies looked especially well dressed, considering that they were traveling. Mike and Sam stood in the background; Mike had on his dress suit, and Sam a faultlessly white cap and apron.

The ceremony was soon over, and then came the congratulations. When it came Dennis' turn he kissed the bride with a vehemence that meant it was his last chance.

I told Madge that it was on this same track which we were now riding over that I found my Cassie. "What a coy old thing the North-Western is," she said.

The wedding presents were a house and lot on West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth street, New York, from Mr. Carlisle; its entire furniture from Mr. and Mrs. Blount; a set of diamonds from the Senator, and many less costly remembrances from the rest of the friends.

As we were sitting down to dinner the minister showed the first signs of uneasiness.

"Do we not return to Beloit this evening?" he timidly asked of the Senator.

With a smile something akin to malicious, he replied:

"I do not know that we will ever be there again. We go through without a stop to Chicago."

"But, my dear sir, this is unexpected. My wife awaits me for dinner now."

"You dine with us to-day, Mr. Jamieson. We must insist on it."

"But I am unprepared for a journey——"

Just then young Carlisle handed him a plethoric-looking envelope. The Senator laughingly said:

"I do not think you will have to walk home, from appearances."

L'ENVOI.

The last time I visited the Carlises, Madge and Charles, they were so proud over a little tiny bit of baby that they could hardly talk of anything else. Grandma Blount and Grandma Carlisle were there, vieing with each other as to how much saffron tea its little hide would hold.

I looked on with amusement. Had the "Little Blind God," who came so near mixing matters on that trip we took a year ago, have seen it, he would have smiled too at this happy denouement of that glorious excursion.

THE END.

SIoux FALLS,

The Queen City of Dakota.

POPULATION, JUNE, 1878, - - - 679
" " 1880, - - - 2,190

POPULATION, JUNE, 1885, - - - 7,205
" " DECEMBER, 1887, - - - 12,057

Sioux Falls is to Dakota what Omaha is to Nebraska, and the twin cities, St. Paul and Minneapolis, to Minnesota. Her geographical location makes her the Commercial Metropolis and gateway of this portion of the great Northwest.

AGRICULTURE, * *
* * MINERAL RESOURCES,
MANUFACTURES * *
* * AND COMMERCE.

**These are the FOUR SOURCES of the WORLD'S WEALTH, and
SIoux FALLS HAS THEM ALL.**

SIOUX FALLS is the county seat of Minnehaha County, which, with its rich, deep alluvial soil, its fair rolling prairies, dotted here and there by beautiful lakes, and watered by many clear and unfailing streams, is of all sections of the Great West the most desirable for agricultural pursuits. Nature has lavished on this county especial favors; for, besides her unsurpassably rich soil and wealth of native grasses, her water powers and granite (or quartzite) deposits ensure for her a great future. Even now may be seen in Chicago, Omaha, and other large cities, miles of the finest paving in the world, which has been cut from our quarries; and Sioux Falls polished Granite is fast gaining a name which will be as famous as Scotch granite or Italian or Tennessee marble. Within this county are water-powers of greater total driving capacity than the combined water-powers of the rest of the territory East of the Missouri River. These waterfalls, which are already partially utilized in driving six flouring mills and one large granite polishing outfit are, with their natural environments, extremely picturesque, sufficiently relieving the monotony of their prairie surroundings.

Sioux Falls has five systems of railroads—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Chicago & North-Western, the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, the Illinois Central, and the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba, the latter connecting her directly with the navigation of the great lakes at Duluth—with the assurance of three more in the immediate future.

Besides a complete system of graded public schools, with four large three-storied brick school buildings, Sioux Falls has the Sioux Falls University (Baptist); All Saints School, boarding and day schools for young ladies, with eleven teachers (Episcopal); St. Rose Academy (Catholic); and Normal School (Norwegian Lutheran); also, fifteen church organizations and fourteen church edifices, four national banks, one savings bank, two trust companies, two fire insurance companies, two daily, five weekly, one semi-monthly and two monthly newspapers, and manufactories employing 790 men. The city is supplied with gas, electric light (arc and incandescent), waterworks, street railway system and telephone exchange.

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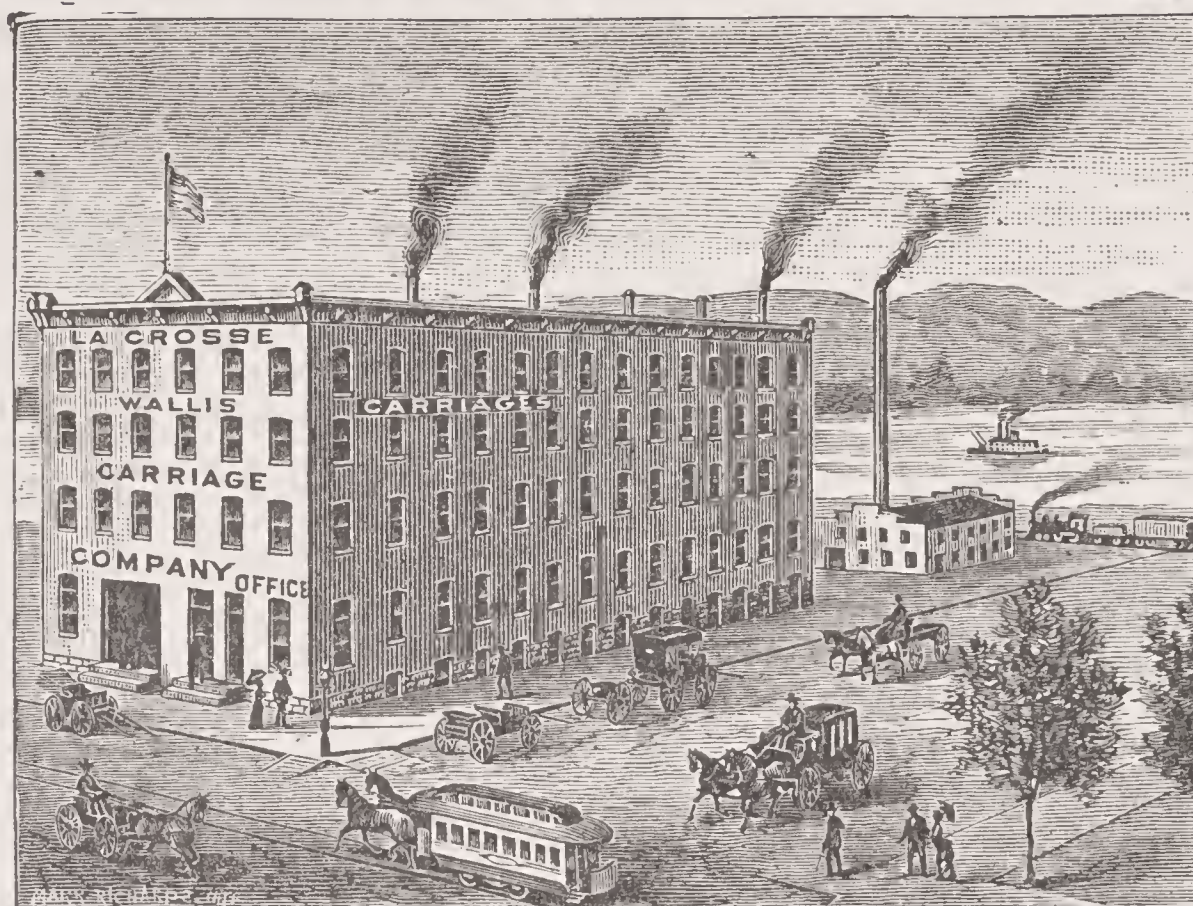
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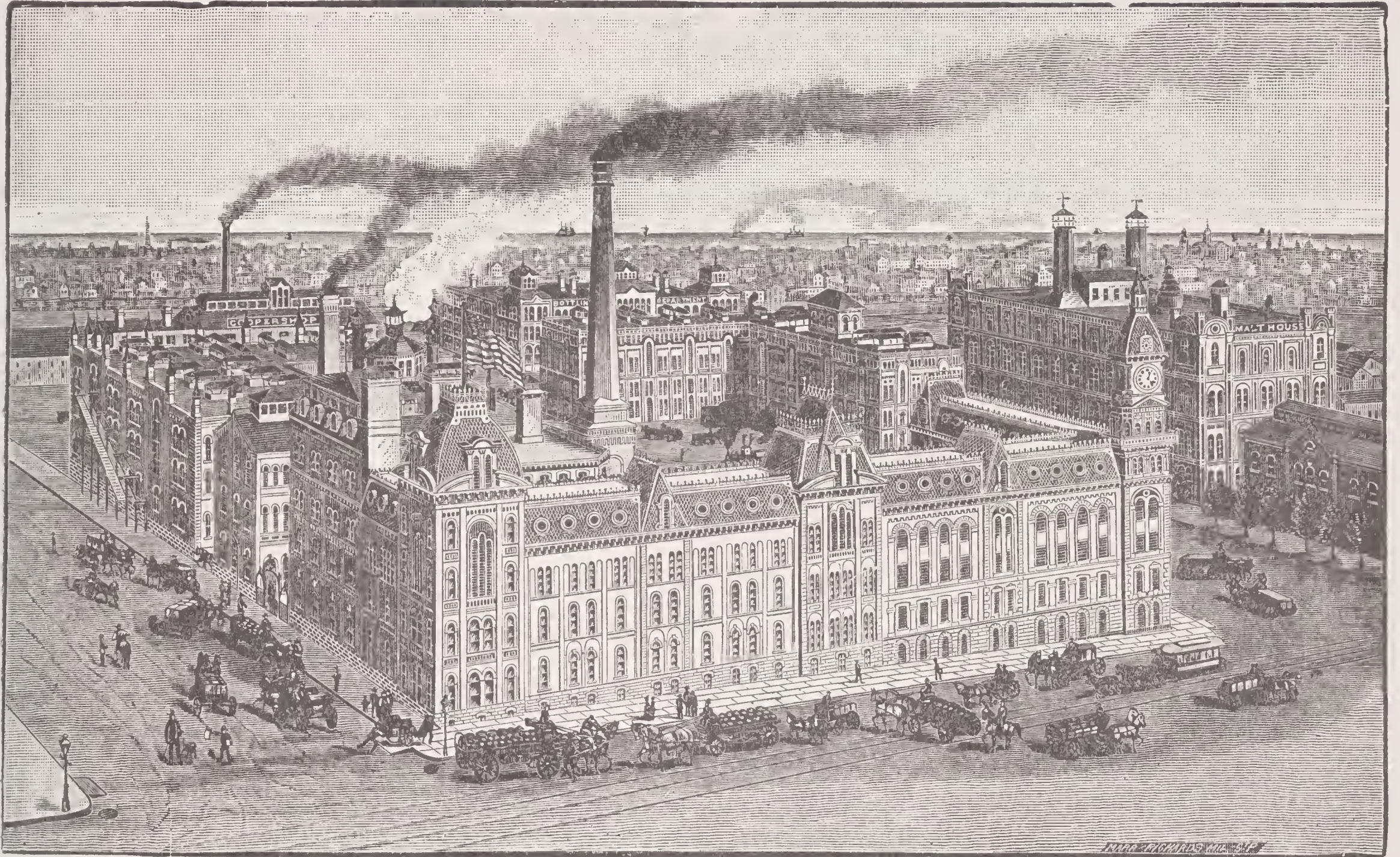
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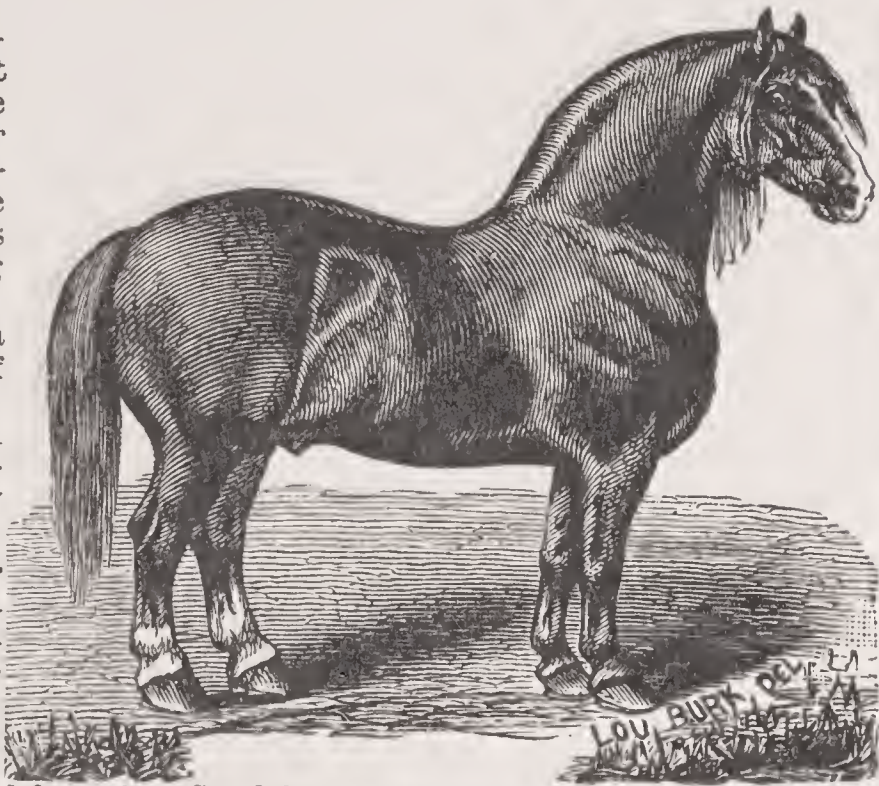
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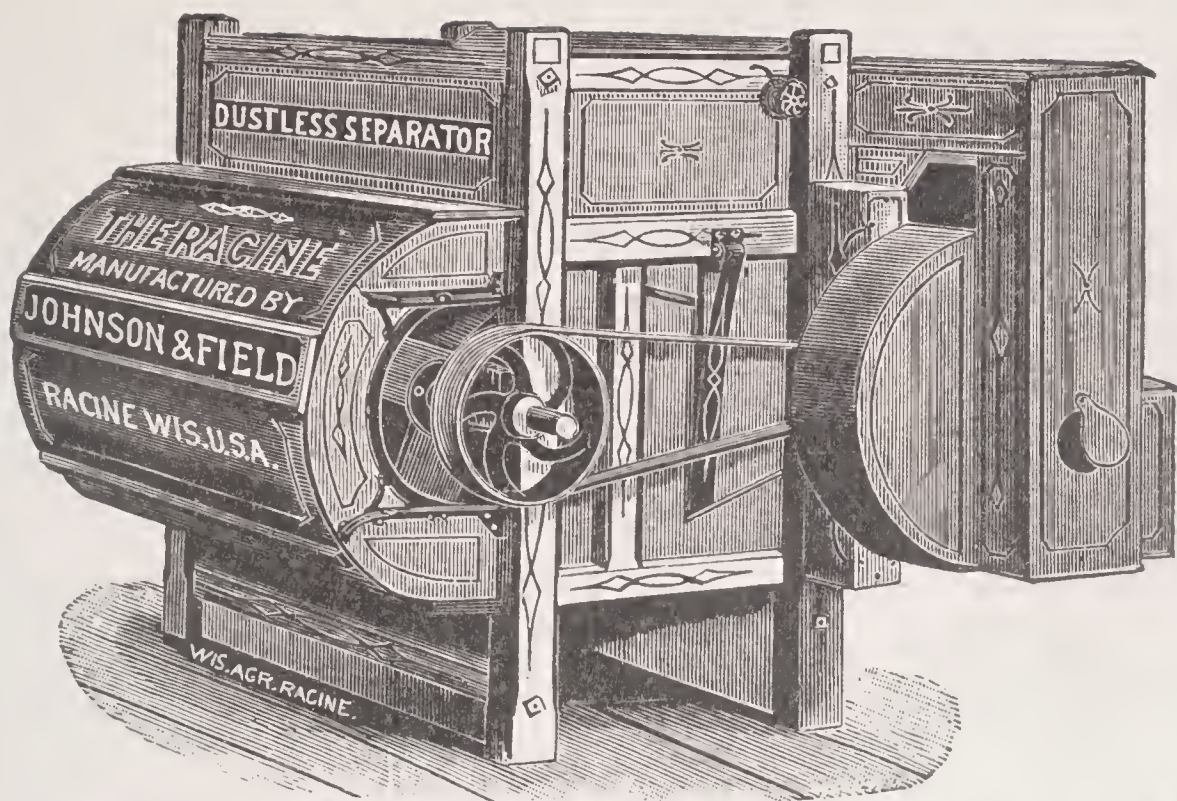
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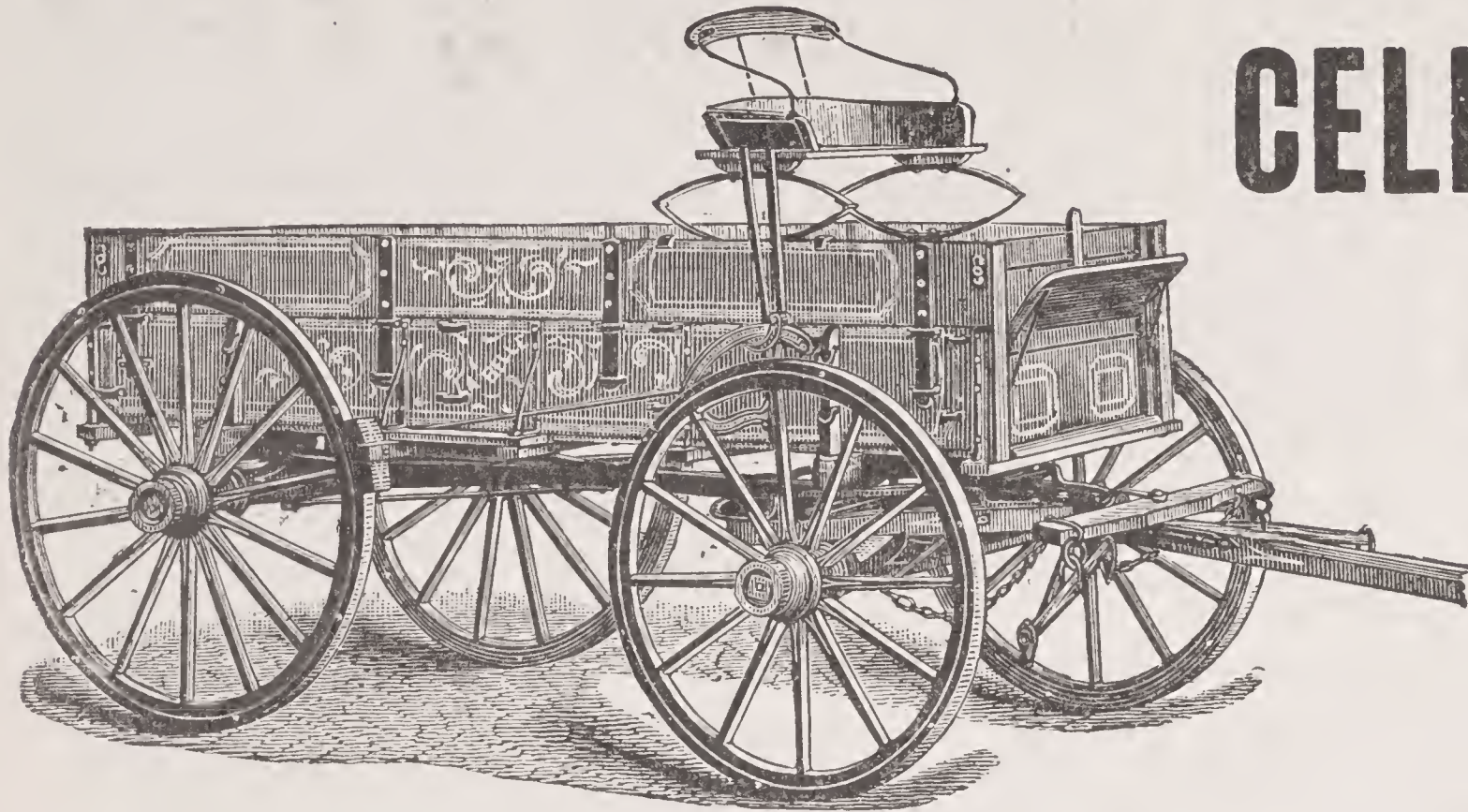
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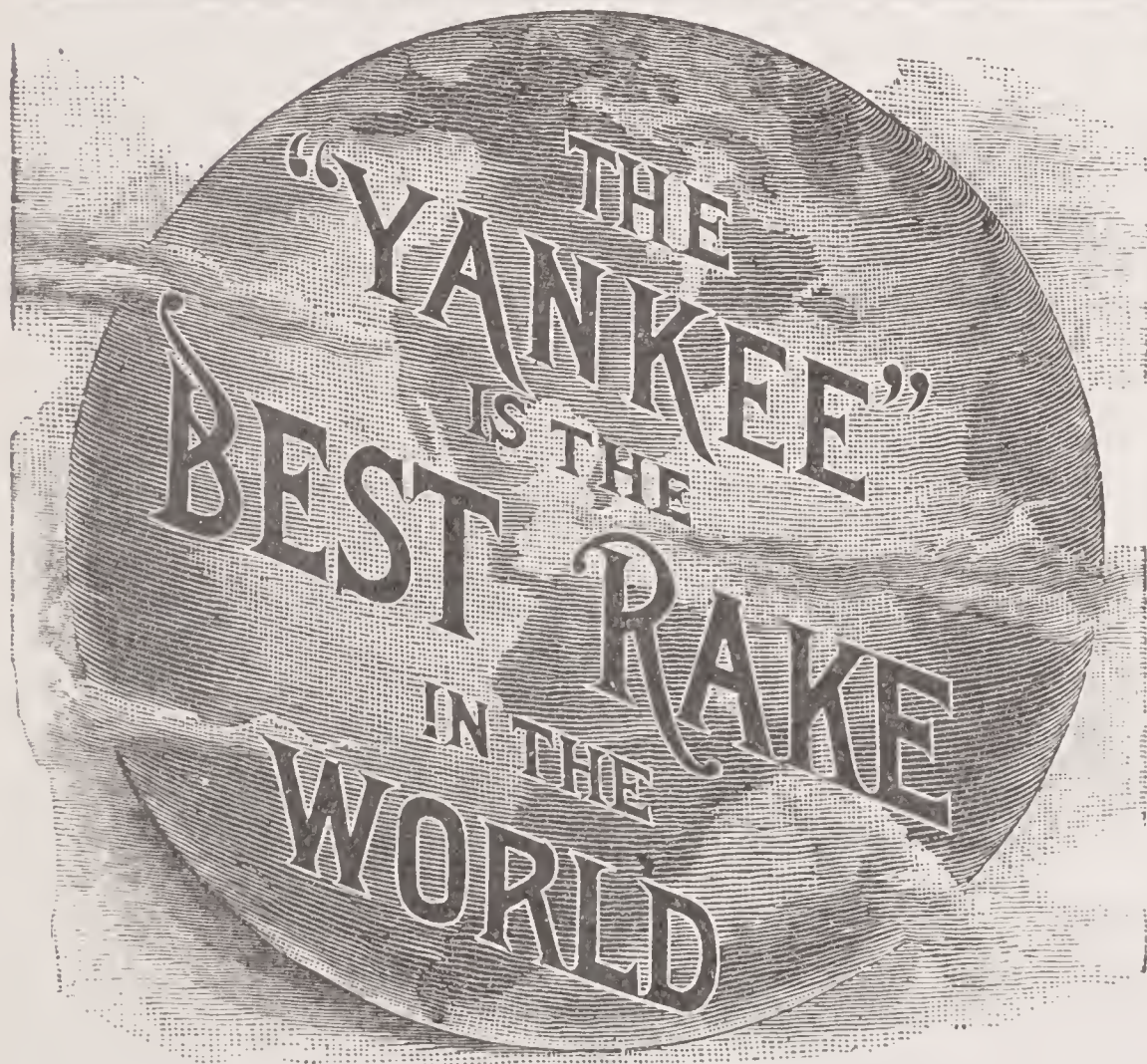
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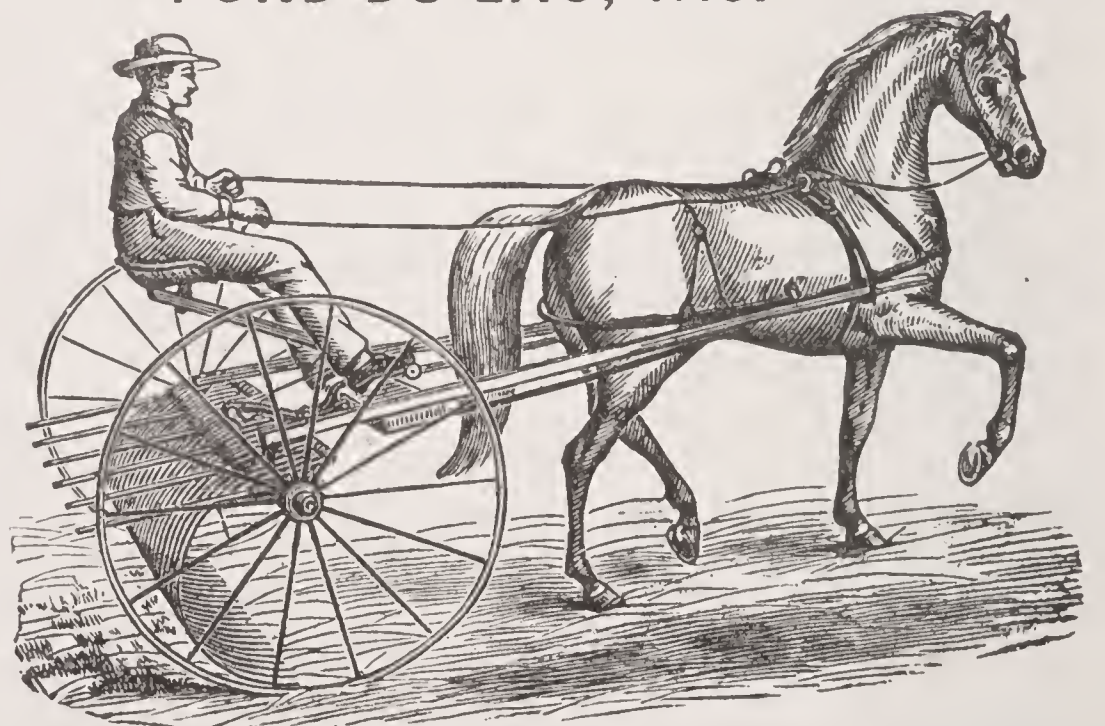
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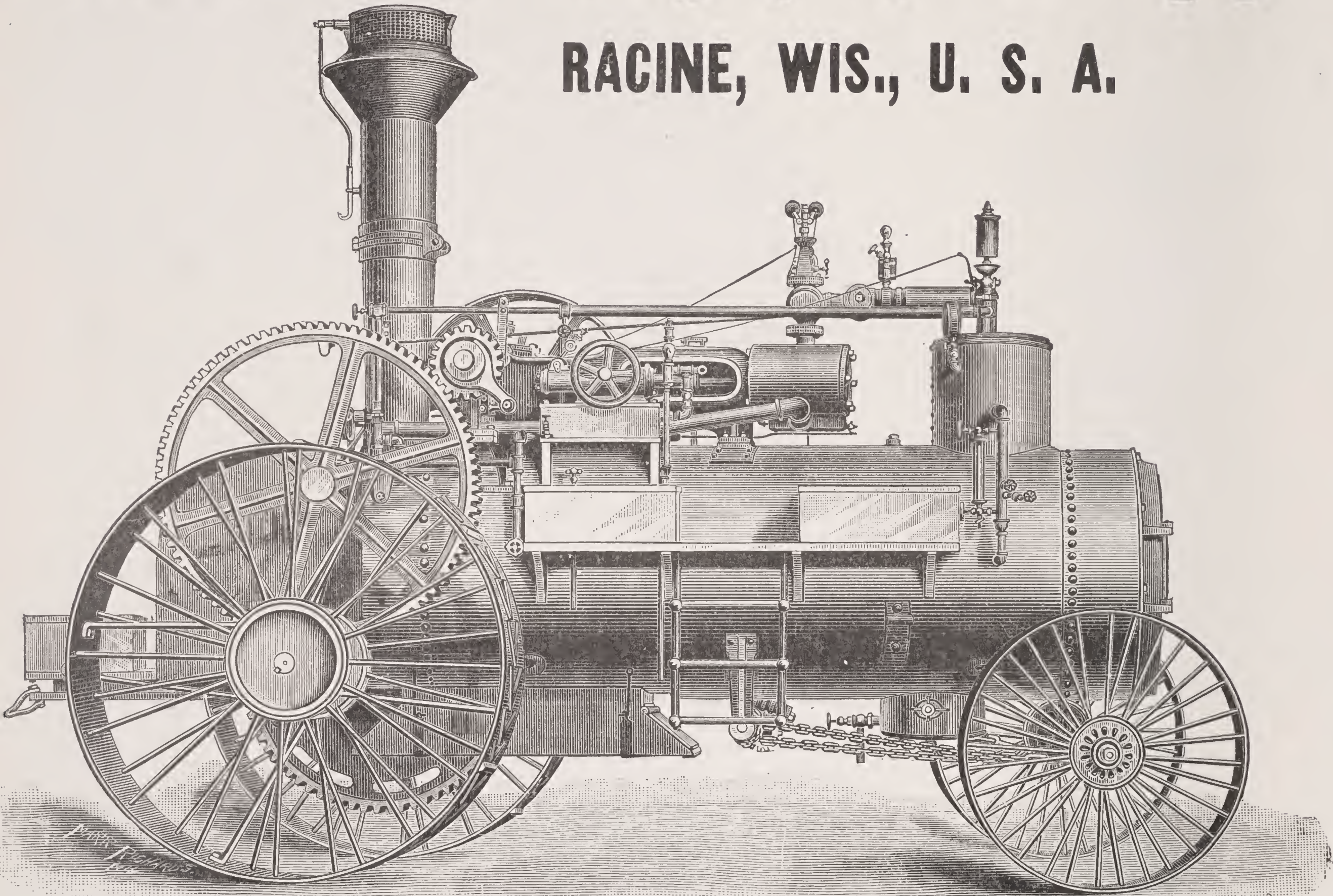
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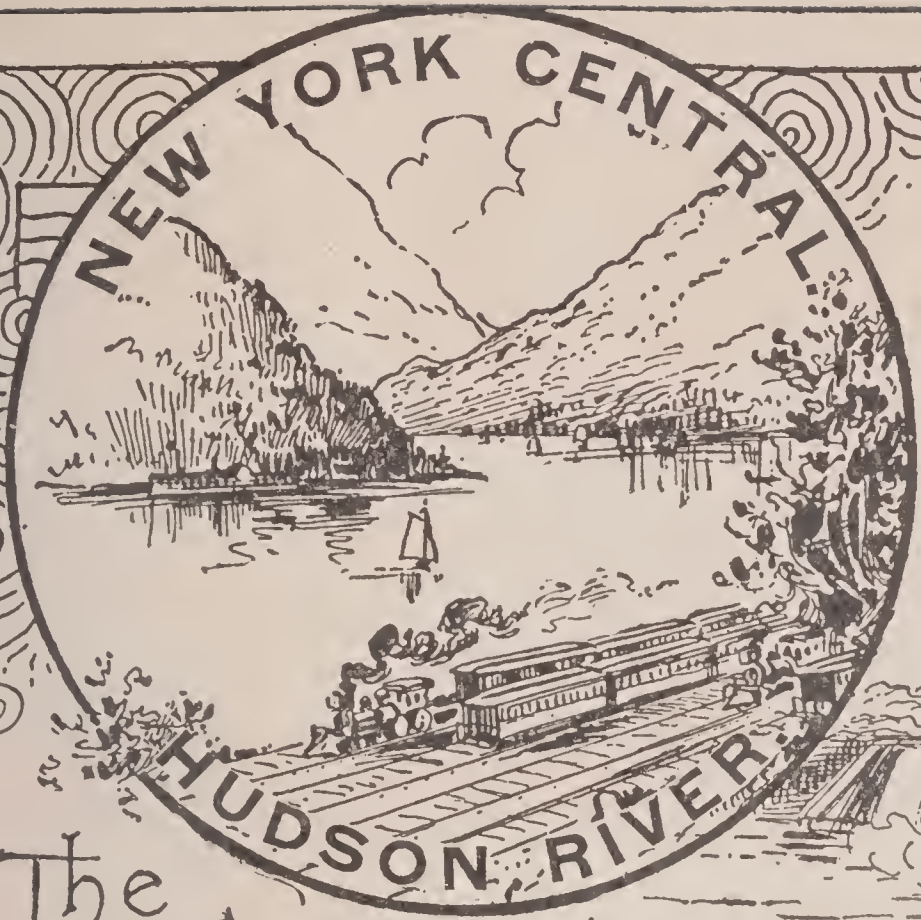
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